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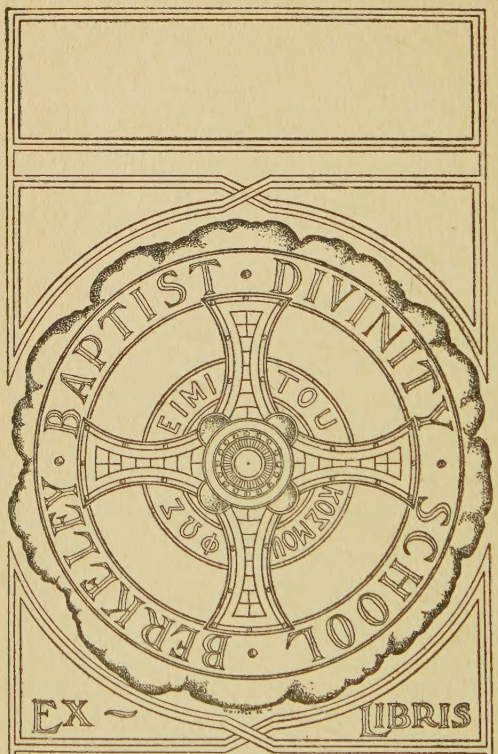

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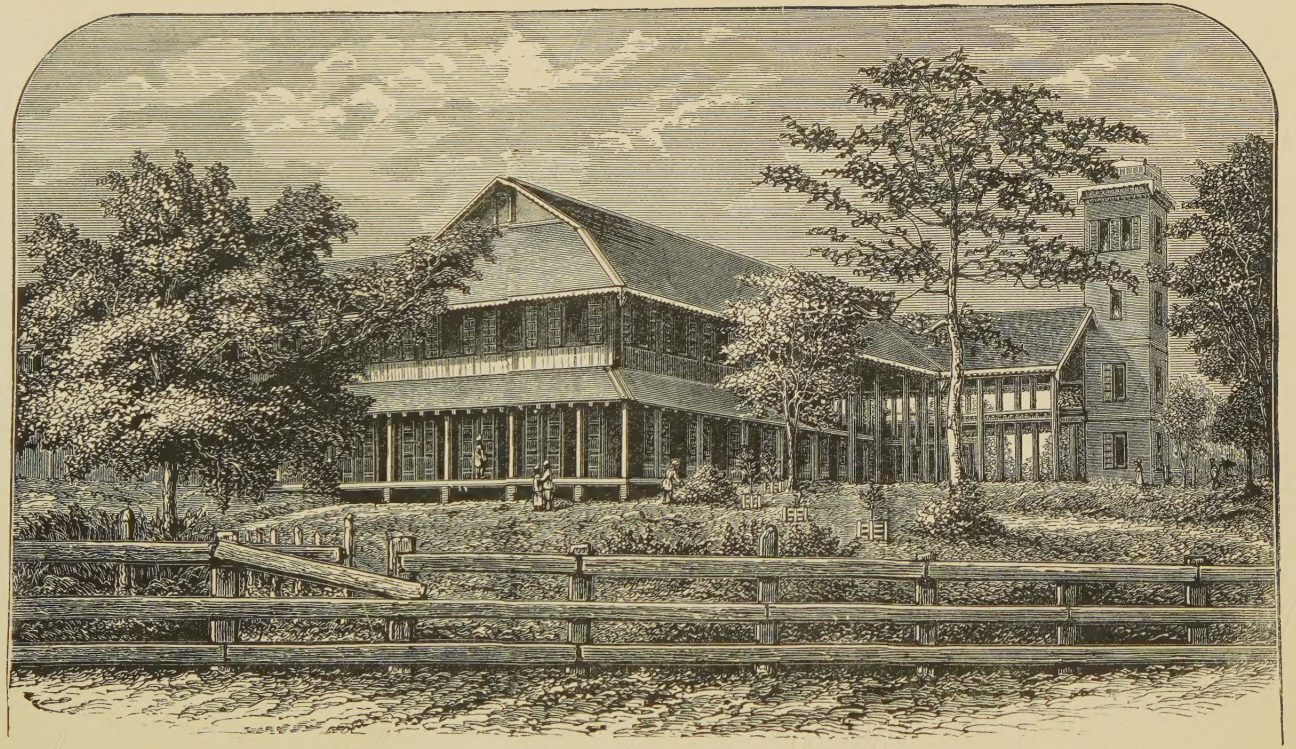

KO THAH-LYU MEMORIAL HALL, BASSEIN, BURMAH.

A GALAXY IN THE BURMAN SKY.

A Memorial.

By WALTER N. WYETH, D.D.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"To plant unseen a tiny seed
That shall the world's sore famine feed."
Journal and Messenger.

WITHDRAWN

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W. N. WYETH.
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Dedication.

To S. M. STIMSON, D. D.

Long in Service,
Sunny in Spirit,
Joying in Foreign Missions.

Very Sincerely,
The Author.

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Prefatory Note.

THIS, the fifth of the "Missionary Memorials," is designed to portray the characters and labors of some excellent men and women whose services have not had the full and permanent record deserved. However, as in previous numbers of the series, it is aimed to make more account of the work than of the workers; to give inspiring history by means of biography, and to secure a better consecration to all work. If our republic is entitled to rewritten and improved history, how much more the imperishable kingdom of which we are members?

The annals of missions contained herein, taken with those given in the four preceding volumes, cover an extended and exceedingly interesting period of foreign missions. They furnish a very helpful view of the trials and triumphs attending the introduction of the Gospel in Burma, our earliest and most cherished missionary field. It is believed that they will prove to be entertaining as well as informing, and will also cultivate a taste for the literature of missions.

That the "Galaxy" may honor the laborers and the Lord of the Harvest, and kindle the zeal of the churches, is the hope of the author.

W. N. W.

3920 Fairmount Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., March 1, 1892.

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Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light
Stream downward from the sky
Upon our mortal sight.

So, when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him
Lies upon the paths of men.

LONGFELLOW.

A GALAXY.

I.

Prevision—*THE DEEP MINE; ATTEMPTING GREAT THINGS.*—**Krishno Paul.**

> Oh, heed the mute appeals of those who die
> For want of living bread—appeals more sad
> Because so mute, through lack of strength to plead.
>
> J. CLARK.

THE true light of Asia is the Light of the World. The Light began to shine effectively in that land about one hundred years ago.

In previous centuries adventurers from various nations had entered the continent for purposes of empire or gain; especially its southeastern portion. India had long been regarded the repository of Nature's rarest stores. As formerly mapped, it consisted of India and Farther India; an immense territory inclosing the great Bay of Bengal. This bay, with a mean measurement of six hundred miles from north to south, and the same from east to west, protrudes far northward into the old Indian Empire. At its northern extremity it receives to its bosom the mightiest river of the East, prominent alike in its religion and geography—the Ganges. This river, towards its mouth, receives to its embrace the great Brahmaputra, and enters the sea by numerous and evershifting channels.

Here, likewise, it separates Hither from Farther India, or Burma.

The first two of the offsets of the Ganges unite to form the Hoogly river, which runs south for one hundred and twenty-five miles, then empties into its estuary, which measures thirty-five miles more, and thus enters the bay. On the left bank of this river, about seventy-five miles from its mouth, is Calcutta, the capital of Bengal and the metropolis of British India. It was founded in 1686; has a population of nearly one million, and rivals in magnificence the leading capitals of Europe.

The province of Bengal naturally became at the first the place for missionary endeavor by English-speaking Christians, or the chosen base for their onset upon the kingdom of darkness. And notwithstanding the obstacles cast in their way by their own countrymen they persisted in remaining in the country until an "effectual door" was opened, even in the capital itself. Here was the location of commerce with the West. Sailing vessels, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, steered for Calcutta, laden with merchandise, and conveying a few passengers. Missionaries had no other conveyance at the time; hence they had no choice of company and destination until they should arrive at that port.

Missionaries from America were favored in finding at Calcutta some from England who had entered upon labor for the heathen about twenty years before the American churches entertained the subject. These were glad to receive, counsel, and cheer forward their fellow-helpers, of whatever denomination or country.

They entertained the Judsons, Newells, Rice, Wades, Houghs, Boardmans, and others whose faces were set toward the empire of Burma. They also offered refuge to these fellow missionaries in time of persecution or peril, and hospitality when seeking health. The "lights" that were to shine along the shore and among the mountains of Burma here received their replenishing oil. It is fitting, therefore, that before delineating the lives and labors of the early missionaries from the United States who are to be memorialized herein, brief mention should be made of the missions whose centennial is being celebrated as this volume goes before the public.

In 1783 the East India Company, which had been trading under charter from the British Crown for two hundred years, was at the height of its prosperity, and had become the Government of India. It employed chaplains, but admitted no missionaries within the region over which it had jurisdiction, because of its agreement to protect the religion of the country; that is, heathenism, in its many forms.

The Christian world could not be unmoved forever by the moral condition of the heathen, which was becoming more and more understood. The spectacle of millions of human beings, benighted and besotted, without relief and without an effort for their redemption, finally moved the hearts of some to undertake the work of giving them the Gospel. A surgeon of the East India Company, Dr. John Thomas, has the credit of making the first movement. Returning to England after nearly ten years of service, he urged immediate and vigorous attention to the religious wants

of India, proving his sincerity by offering himself to the churches as a missionary. Meantime William Carey had astounded his friends by proposing an "attempt" for the salvation of the heathen, and placed himself at the side of Dr. Thomas as his companion in the effort.

These men were met with almost insuperable obstacles from the first thought of going. The subject was too great and the obstacles too vast to be patiently contemplated by the average mind of that time. Ventures in commerce with the East had become common and highly remunerative, but there was scarcely faith enough in all Britain to encourage any one to "attempt great things for God," while there was an abundance of the critical element in society, fully equipped with satire for any who might cherish an unprecedented zeal for the salvation of the world.

Besides the apathy and the general unbelief of the churches as to the new project, they found it difficult to leave the country. Dr. Carey's wife refused to go. The East India Company refused to take them in its vessels. And only after two years of preparatory efforts, in which Mrs. Carey was finally induced to accompany her husband, and passage had been secured in a ship of the Danish East India Company, did they have the joy of waving adieu to their native land, "far in heathen lands to dwell." Their hearts "heaved with high emotion." After being sorely tried for two years, by both the world and the church, with a kind of testing never before experienced in Great Britain, they entered upon a new life and introduced a new era in Christendom.

In landing at Calcutta by other than an English ship they did not attract attention, and so they quietly settled and began to prepare for the arduous enterprise on which they had ventured. Very soon the elements of character necessary to comradeship were not found to be sufficient in the two men. They were of one heart and one soul as to their mission, while in the management of their material concerns there was lack of agreement. Dr. Carey was slow, careful, sure; Dr. Thomas swift, impulsive, reckless. The former lived within his means, however slender; the latter, volatile and hopeful, did not escape the snares of his class, but by his management frittered away their resources and involved himself beyond his power of paying. After living together for a short time they separated; Dr. Thomas resuming the practice of surgery in Calcutta, and Dr. Carey settling forty miles east, in a frail tenement of his own construction, and near to the Sunderbunds—"dense forests covering thousands of square miles in the delta of the Ganges, filled with tigers, jackals, leopards, and serpents."

After a year had passed from the time they left England, during which both had suffered trials—the one having spent all his living and fallen into debt, and the other having managed to survive without a "living"—they were unexpectedly offered the superintendency of indigo factories, some three hundred miles to the northwest. They accepted these positions as a temporary means of support and in the hope, largely realized, of coming into saving contact with the natives, and advancing in a knowledge of the language of the country.

Dr. Carey's business employment requiring only about three months in the year, he was permitted to use most of his time in study and translating the Bible. While thus engaged he declined pay from the Society that sent him out. The first Baptist church in India was there formed, composed of the two missionaries and two Europeans. But the indigo business there did not thrive, and, after various movements, Dr. Carey settled at Serampore, with Joshua Marshman and William Ward, missionaries from England, as new associates. This settlement, so eventful in Christendom, took place at just the beginning of the present century.

All the missionary families lived under one roof, and, thus united, were named "The Happy Family." Operations were maintained on a large scale and were prosperous — boarding schools, printing, study, and street work on behalf of the natives. They sang on the steps of public buildings and gave away copies of their hymns, creating wonder and interest among the natives.

Ere long Dr. Thomas appeared in Serampore, bringing a skilled workman from his sugar factory who wished to confess Christ. Seventeen years had gone by since Thomas began to talk of the true God in this country, and this was the first semblance of fruits. What emotions the appearance must have excited! And how disappointing! Though received as a Christian brother, "with feelings of indescribable emotion," he evaded baptism or was forcibly prevented from being baptized; he went away on a visit and was not again seen or heard from. But, the typical seven years

of missionary expectation having passed, the time had come for the mission to be favored with a token from Heaven. And leaving the reader to the further and fuller accounts of the lives and times of the early English missionaries, commending especially the new and brief work of Mrs. Maria J. Bullen, entitled "Kindling the Light," (Am. Bap. Pub. Soc.,) attention is called to the first convert in India that received the ordinance of baptism through the mission in Serampore, or otherwise.

Krishno Paul,

A native Hindoo, about thirty-five years of age, was convinced of his sinfulness while listening to preaching in a little bazaar in Serampore, on January 5, 1800. He was smitten with the Sword of the Spirit. The word seemed to be the word of God. Hearing it from Europeans added not a little to his surprise; hence he could not help talking of it to his companions. He said he saw himself to be a very great sinner; had lived all his lifetime in sin; had been a cheat, a liar, injurious, and almost all that was bad. "But now," says he, "I have put it off; I want no more of it; it is not my work; I wish to do it no more."

Soon after this he broke his arm, and Dr. Thomas set it for him and then conversed with him concerning the Gospel. He wept and sobbed, and promised to visit the mission house daily, saying that "we had not only cured his arm, but brought him the news of salvation, and that while his arm was healing his soul also obtained peace and rest in Christ, and that he now existed to be his alone."

Nearly one year passed before the "young convert" was admitted to baptism; and then the rejoicing was with trembling, on account of the perils that he and his family encountered. Turning to the old Magazine of 1817, we find the following from the London Bap. Magazine, which, for its simplicity of style as well as conformity to fact, will interest all:

On the 22d of December he came, with another Hindoo, to eat tiffin (luncheon between breakfast and dinner) with the missionaries, and thus publicly throw away his *caste*. Brethren Carey and Thomas went to prayer with him before he proceeded to this act; at which all the Hindoo servants were astonished, so many persons having said that nobody would ever mind Christ, or lose caste. On this occasion they say, "Brother Thomas has waited fifteen years, and thrown away much upon deceitful characters; brother Carey had waited until hope of his own success had almost expired; and, after all, God has done it with perfect ease. Thus the door of faith is opened unto the Gentiles; who shall shut it? The chain of the caste is broken; who shall mend it?"

The very next day the faith of Kristno and his family was sorely tried by the whole neighborhood being in an uproar on account of their losing caste. It is said that two thousand people were assembled, pouring their anathemas upon these new converts. They put Kristno and his family into confinement, and then dragged them to the Danish magistrate, who, instead of punishing, dismissed them, with commendations for losing caste. The governor also promised the missionaries that they should not be interrupted in their baptism. On the 27th Kristno, going with these missionaries into a village where they preached, was met by a man who insulted him on account of his

renouncing Hindooism. It is common for the natives to address each other in couplets and proverbs. This man made a rhyme at Kristno's expense, as follows:

Kristno! tumi ku
Shoitaner gon—
Noroka tumor shinghason!

Kristno! who are you?
The devil's own—
In hell your throne!

Kristno smiled and gave a reason for his change, which was, that in confessing and forsaking his sin, and laying hold upon Christ, he should get salvation.

His baptism occurred on December 28, 1800, signalizing the opening of the century by setting up, as it were, the first monument of the saving grace of God on the plains of the Ganges. It was Lord's Day. Mr. Ward preached on baptism, a good number of Europeans being present, then the congregation "repaired to the water's side"—the missionaries, the governor, a number of Europeans, Portuguese, Hindoos, and Musselmen. The service began by singing, as in the olden time,

"Jesus, and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of thee?"

Brother Carey then spoke in Bengalee, declaring that we did not think the river sacred—it was water only; and the person about to be baptized from among them, by this act professed to put off all debtahs and all sins, and to put on Christ. After prayer he went down into the water, taking his son Felix in his right hand and baptizing him, using English words. After this Kristno went down and was baptized; the words in Bengalee. All was silence and

attention. The governor could not restrain his tears; and every one seemed to be struck with the solemnity of this (to them) sacred ordinance. "I never saw," says Mr. Ward, "even in the most orderly congregation in England, anything more solemn and impressive." Ye gods of stone and clay, did ye not tremble when in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit one of your votaries shook you as the dust from his feet! In the afternoon the Lord's Supper was celebrated in Bengalee for the first time. Kristno, at the close, said he was full of joy. A few days after, Kristno was met by a European in the street, who inquired of him respecting his profession of Christianity, and asked him what he got by it. He replied that he had "got nothing but much joy and comfort; it was the work of love." It had been reported that the missionaries had given him several hundred rupees for losing caste.

On the 13th of January (1801) they speak of Kristno saying at an experience meeting, "When I am at work my mind goes away from God, and I am sorry and charge it not to do so. I say, O mind, why dost thou depart from Christ? Thou canst not be happy anywhere without him. I charge thee to keep close to him." Kristno has a sweet natural disposition, and is indeed a very hopeful character. He is a carpenter, and will, I dare say, have employment sufficient to maintain his family. A gentleman in Serampore said he thought every European ought to employ this man, and he would set the example. He has accordingly given him a good large job of work. He has a Brahmin, however, for his landlord, who has not been so kind to him, but has ordered him to quit his house.

In June following, Kristno said to one of the missionaries, "As I lay musing one night I thought thus: One or two of the missionaries are dead. Mr. Carey is much engaged at Calcutta, Mr. Marshman in the school, and Mr. Ward in the printing office. Bengal is a large country;

how shall the people know about Christ? I would go to the end of the world to make his love known." In August, of his own accord, he built a house for the public worship of God, immediately opposite to his own. "We call this," say the missionaries, "the first native meeting-house in Bengal." August 16th brother Carey preached in it to about twenty natives, besides the family of Kristno.

In May, 1803, Kristno was taken from his worldly employment in order to be engaged in making known the gospel to his countrymen, and from that time to the present (twelve years) he has been indefatigably and usefully employed round about Serampore and Calcutta, and as far as to Silhet on the borders of China, in fully preaching the Gospel of Christ. He is now an old man (for a Hindoo), very zealous in the cause of the Redeemer, and greatly respected by all the brethren of the mission.

In this manner and to this extent was the light now kindled in Bengal. The oft-defeated hopes of the missionaries had begun to be realized, and few in this world besides missionaries are fitted to participate in such a joy as they experienced. Among the few might be numbered Andrew Fuller, secretary of the home society, who in later life said, in referring to his efforts as solicitor of money, "I frequently retired from the more public streets to the back lanes, that I might not be seen to weep over my disappointments." But, on hearing of the baptism, he wrote: "If I could send my soul over in a letter it would come and mingle with your souls, with your labors, your joys and your sorrows." And, as coming under the rule, the name of Dr. Thomas, so long on the field and so often deluded as to "converts," is to be mentioned before all others. So ardent was his temperament, and

so excited was he by the certain prospect of a baptism, that he actually broke down and was unable to witness the administration of the ordinance. "The joy had been too much for him, and he was temporarily insane."

Kristno, or Krishna Pal, labored faithfully for twenty-three years, to his sixtieth or sixty-first year, when, it is presumed, he entered upon his Heavenly Rest. At some time in his career he composed that rich, devotional hymn on remembering Christ, which has become a standard in the best collections, and which can not be omitted from any, much less from this brief account of him:

O, thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O, my soul, forget him not!

Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

O, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

Kristno from the Hindoos, and Kothah-byu from the Karens, were trophies and tokens that foretold the greater triumphs of to-day. The nations they represented have since been "born"—born to a life of

hope, and growing, glad fruition. The two nations, India and Burma, both immensely improved, clasp hands at the head of the Bay of Bengal, across the "sacred" Ganges. A line of missions, like a row of life-saving stations or grand camp-fires, are now traceable around the entire coast of the great bay, forming an arch of promise, than which there is no brighter on the face of the earth. And torches are being carried from them to the interior, east, west and north, and these also will help to drive away the pagan night.

Dr. W. F. Stevenson, of the "Duff Missionary Lectureship," who had personally visited all the chief mission-fields of the world, and had read almost every important book describing missions, uses these ringing words in regard to the Carey epoch: "There is nothing more brilliant and heroic in our modern church than that passage of her history; and how nobly it rang out the old and rang in the new, as last century was changing into this, the crowded missions of to-day will testify. We see the results before our eyes and connect them with the long era of preparation. When Carey died, the Gospel was firmly planted in India; so firmly, that every day bears witness it will grow to be there what it has grown to be at home. * * * * With Carey the planting of Christianity was an accomplished fact in India, and by that I mean that Christianity will grow there as the Gospel always grows, from being the least noticeable of seeds till its branches cover all the land with the grateful shadow of their leaves of healing."

II.

Colman and Wheelock—*THE EARLY SENT AND EARLY DEAD OF THE BURMAN MISSION.*

> Dear Lord, whose mercy veileth all
> That may our coming days befall,
> Still hide from us the things to be,
> But rest our troubled hearts in Thee.
>
> HARRIET M. KIMBALL.

THE English Baptists were not to remain alone in missionary endeavor abroad. Their zeal had excited sympathy in America and was drawing from this country contributions of money that were quite creditable to it, for the time and circumstances. The letters of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, full of strange and striking facts and conveying thrilling appeals to the Christian heart, fanned the piety of the churches to a glow. Buchanan's "Star in the East" also was widely read and very effective for kindling interest in behalf of the inhabitants of India. In less than ten years from the time Carey went to the East a missionary society was organized in Massachusetts, though not until about twenty years had passed was anything special effected for the object of his unprecedented heroism. Then the subject of "Eastern Translations" was commended to the churches, and interest was centering in the Serampore mission.

But people incline to independence in benevolence as in other affairs. And ere long the Spirit that moved Carey and his friends on one side of the Atlantic, moved Judson and his associates on the other. Great things for God were "attempted" here also. There was some indefiniteness in each case as to the particular thing to be done, except that the known kingdom of darkness was to be entered with the light; at what point, it was not a matter of preference, provided there should be an opening, nor was fastidiousness or fear for a moment to be indulged.

The first American missionaries proceeded in this spirit, persuading the churches into approval of their course instead of being persuaded to go for them. It was so with Judson and his associates, and by the time that great pioneer was fairly engaged in preliminary work, the Baptists of Massachusetts, whence he went under popular misgiving, were stirred up again by the irresistable appeal, "Here am I, *send me*."

James Colman and Edward Willard Wheelock were born in the city of Boston, Mass.; the former on February 19, 1794, and the latter July 17, 1796. Both were converted in boyhood, and became members of the Second Baptist Church, Rev. Thomas Baldwin, D.D., pastor; one in his eleventh year and the other in his fifteenth.

Mr. Colman disclosed a genius for preaching before converted. When quite a child he had desires to be a public speaker, and, with Bible in hand, would lecture his little friends, collected in his room, with all the formality of a pulpiteer, while tears flowed plentifully down the cheeks of speaker and hearers. At the age

of seventeen he became deeply impressed as to entering the ministry; first as a glorious privilege, then as a duty, and, finally, with the feeling that refusal would bring woe upon him—states of mind growing out of views he came to entertain concerning sin and salvation. Having fought his convictions until he was completely exhausted, he surrendered, and, according to a custom of the day, was placed under the instruction of Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Chaplin, then of Danvers, Mass., with whom he pursued literary and theological studies for two and a half years.

His letters to Dr. Baldwin, his pastor, show a fine type of piety and much and accurate thinking respecting spiritual things. He was aroused early to contemplate missions, before there was in the United States a society to operate them. And after close attention to the published correspondence from the East, and a careful consideration of the subject of personal duty to the heathen, he revealed the fact that he must be a foreign missionary. His decision was very disappointing to his friends, who had marked out for him a high destiny in his native land. It was said that "his talents were peculiarly adapted to a cultivated state of society"; that "there was a brilliancy of imagination and a fervor of eloquence in his discourses which commanded the attention and awakened feelings of interest in all who heard him." He may have been in advance of his time in believing that the cause of the heathen required the best talents the church could furnish. At any rate he determined that if there were silver or gold in him, they should have it.

Mr. Wheelock had a similar experience in some

respects. From the time he professed religion "he felt deeply concerned for the salvation of sinners, and especially for the salvation of the heathen." In 1814 he "entreated the Trustees of the Boston Baptist Foreign Missionary Society to take him under their patronage." They cordially granted his request and placed him under Dr. Chaplin, at Danvers. As a student and Christian he won the highest respect and affection. In 1817 he applied to the Board for appointment as foreign missionary, addressing them in this fervid language:

O! if it is consistent that one so unworthy and so unqualified as myself should engage in this glorious work, deny me not, I beseech you, the unspeakable privilege; deny me not the fondest, the most ardent desire of my soul that can, in this world, be gratified. To deny me of this would be to deprive me of the greatest happiness which, in this world, I can possibly enjoy. I had rather be a missionary of the Cross than a king on a throne. Let the men of this world possess its glittering toys; let the miser grasp his cankered gold; let the voluptuary enjoy his sordid pleasures; let the ambitious ascend to the pinnacle of earthly honor; but let me enjoy the sweet satisfaction of directing the poor pagans to the Lamb of God. I court no greater good; I desire no greater joy; I seek no greater honor. To Burmah would I go; in Burmah would I live; in Burmah would I toil; in Burmah would I die, and in Burmah would I be buried.

At this time Dr. Judson and Mr. Hough were the only missionaries in Burma. And the loneliness of these young men would be relieved less by their society than by the companionship of each other. The

prospect of being situated in a dense and immense population of degraded beings, with whom they could not hold converse until they should learn their language, requiring the practical loss of their own mother-tongue—this was self-banishment as well as self-denial. From Boston to Burma the distance was great, but greater the felt distance between the culture of the one and the corruption of the other.

The young men were ordained together at the Second Baptist Church, where they had been welcomed on being baptized. The service occurred September 10, 1817; the eminent men taking part in the service being Reverends James M. Winchell, Joseph Grafton, Jeremiah Chaplin, Lucius Bolles, Thomas Baldwin and Daniel Sharp. The assembly was "crowded," the occasion solemn, and many tears flowed, because it was felt, as it proved, that they "were soon to bid farewell to their native land, never again to return." The rarity of the occasion increased its solemnity. Some weeks thereafter a special prayer meeting was held in the same church "for the purpose of commending them to the guidance, protection and blessing of heaven"; and though the weather was unfavorable the attendance was large and the exercises, in which eight ministers participated, continued for three and a half hours.

The embarkation took place November 16, 1817, on the ship *Independence*, bound to Calcutta. Over two hundred assembled on the dock to bid them adieu. It was a moment when fortitude was needed, and while friends gave way to their tears the missionaries were firm. When the vessel began to move the father of Mr. Wheelock, with the tender anguish of a parent,

took off his hat and exclaimed, "Willard, my dear son! let me see your face once more!" Willard came to the side of the vessel. The father gazed on his amiable son, then covered his head and immediately forced his way through the crowd to his carriage. The ocean proved the final separator, until there shall be no more sea.

The *Independence* was just five months in making the voyage to Calcutta. On its arrival the missionaries wrote letters to their pastor, Dr. Baldwin, full of joy and gratitude, not only on account of their safe journey, but because of the greater spiritual blessings they had enjoyed. In compliance with the suggestions of Dr. Staughton, Corresponding Secretary, as well as in obedience to their own impulses, they improved their opportunity to labor for the salvation of the sailors, and were made glad by the conversion of several of them.

Nearly four months were consumed in the usual waiting in Bengal for a vessel going to Rangoon; and although these were months of impatience, yet the time was profitably occupied in the company of the English missionaries, especially the "Millennial Band at Serampore," to which Dr. Staughton had commended them as the "medium of intercommunication between the Board and Burma, and entitled to high respect and gratitude." Then, on August 19, 1818, they sailed for Burma, and after four weeks more landed at Rangoon; glad beyond the power of words to portray that the end of their journey had come and their field been reached. But how delusive the highest hopes of earth!

Mr. Wheelock, ere they reached India, had declined

in health. Pulmonary disease had developed, and he had been in Rangoon only seven days when, after engaging in family worship, he began to raise blood, as he had done at Calcutta. It was thought that medical assistance might be obtained at Calcutta, and that the sea air would prove beneficial. Accordingly, in company with Mrs. Wheelock, he took passage for that port; but in this respect he was disappointed. Weakness increased and delirium followed. In a moment of deep depression he disappeared from the vessel. Mrs. Wheelock was engaged in writing while he was supposed to be asleep. Hearing the water-gallery door close, she looked around and observed that he was gone. "She sprang to the door and opening it found, to her unspeakable grief, that he had vanished forever from her sight." Presumably, he had plunged into the sea, as he could not be found, and the ship was proceeding at such a velocity as to render it impracticable to make an attempt to discover and rescue him. The event was felt by the brethren in Bengal as well as by our own missionaries to be very afflictive. The fewness of the laborers added to their sorrow, while their testimonials to his worth could be adequately expressed only in exclamations. His active service for souls, after leaving his native land, was performed on the sea, and the sea was his grave and shroud. It was as a foreign missionary he labored and died, and as such he was received into heaven, and given the first place on the roll of our deceased ambassadors to the East.

Mrs. Wheelock was invited by the Board to return to her native land, but still hoping to become useful to the heathen she chose to remain. Afterwards she

became the wife of Mr. Jones, of Calcutta, from which place, probably, she had not departed after completing the voyage on which her bereavement occurred. The tears of her early widowhood, in the divine plan, must have been part of the bedewing influences necessary to the religious culture of any land.

Mr. Colman was particularly blessed in his father; a man of the most exemplary life in home and community. James being an only child, the deepest anxieties and fondest hopes were centered in him, and special pains were exercised to bring him under the ministration of the sanctuary, resulting in early conversion.

Very soon his experience developed into solicitude for a perishing world, and this ripened into sincere longing to be himself an ambassador of Jesus to the heathen. After the usual hesitation on the part of his church (Second Church, Boston), voiced in various discouraging reasons set forth by his pastor, Dr. Baldwin, he was finally permitted to cherish his feelings and encouraged to be a missionary. The Christians of his youth-time appear to have felt it a duty to dishearten those who proposed to preach; whether to test their endurance or to season them into a chronic seriousness, it is not known. No doubt there was much doubtfulness as to the expediency of casting precious lives into the baneful climate of southern Asia for the sake of souls, as there has been to this day, since there were so many in America unsaved; yet a little schooling in fighting convictions and churches was felt to be a benefit that young men might even covet. Mr. Colman came to the front when mission-

ary conviction was not general, and with the Secretary of the Convention, his own pastor, standing in his way. It was thought that he would be an extraordinarily good man for positions in the United States, and that it was a waste to send him to the heathen. And though missionary conviction is yet only partial, it is conceded that the best are needed where false religions prevail most.

Mr. Colman succeeded in securing the benediction of his friends, and, with Mr. Wheelock and the wives of both, set sail in high emotion but with the fullest consciousness of the greatness of the undertaking. The meeting of the new with the old missionaries on the shores of Burma, in equal numbers, was such a pairing of workers for God and Heaven as might awaken the attention of the angels. It certainly kindled emotions in themselves that the memory could not lose. Mr. Colman wrote: "We found, upon arriving at the landing place, our beloved brethren waiting to receive us. For a short time we could do no more than to take each other by the hand. The sensations of our minds destroyed the power of utterance."

Immediately Mr. Colman began the study of the language, and made rapid headway. Hope was high. But soon his companion missionary was taken away, as already narrated, and a new point of expediency arose, claiming a change of base. The emperor had been approached for the purpose of obtaining toleration, and his refusal being given it was deemed necessary to establish a mission outside of his domain, to which the missionaries and converts might flee in case of persecution; for forsaking the national religion was

death to the natives. The ever-memorable visit of Judson and Colman to Ava, with the large, gilded copy of the Scriptures in hand, and the scornful repulse received, had taught them to expect no favor from the throne of the empire.

Between Bengal and Burma lay a province called Chittagong, under English rule, having a large town of the same name. At an earlier day an English missionary from Bengal had labored there, and a few converts still remained. Permission to do Gospel work was in some sense obtained from the East India Company, and Mr. and Mrs. Colman, inexperienced and alone, with Mr. Wheelock at the bottom of the ocean, and Mrs. Wheelock, suffering from her fresh affliction, in Calcutta, set out to find and further to prepare an asylum in Chittagong.

Leaving Rangoon in March they reached the place in June. Immediately they erected a dwelling, and receiving favor in trying circumstances from the Judge of the district, and meeting a native convert, Keepong by name, who was able to assist them in learning the language and in communicating with the people, they at once had hope. The native Christians gathered about them with expressions of joy at their coming, because they desired further instruction in the way of life, and wished their children to be saved from Buddhist teachers.

For the better furtherance of his original purpose, the evangelization of the Arakanese, he removed to Cox's Bazaar, a place of about thirty thousand inhabitants near the boundary of Arakan. Here he was provided with a native officer, who was in constant attend-

ance to afford protection or necessary assistance. He added to his main work a school for the education of native children, Mrs. Colman assisting, and his appeal occasioned the formation of a society in Boston for its support. The prospect was bright, and Christians in America entertained high hope of the work in Arakan.

Ah! it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps or to alter his appointed time. In the midst of the most prosperous labors, James Colman was called to nobler service above. He was attacked by jungle fever, and in one year from the time he went to Chittagong, and in less than three years from the time he landed in Burma, he joined the company of those who had ceased from their labors. He died on July 4, 1822, in his twenty-ninth year, a sacrifice to the noblest of impulses. His generous plans were frustrated, and the thought of having an out-station, such as he had projected, was completely abandoned. But he "finished his course"—took his place between the plough and the altar, was accepted for the yoke, went afield, witnessed for the Master before the haughtiest of kings, gave knowledge of him to the grateful Arakanese, and by his death intensified the zeal for missions in this country.

Mrs. Colman was almost immediately attacked with fever, yet was able to prepare for a return to Chittagong, whither she went and where she was for some time very ill. Previous to leaving Cox's Bazaar, those who had been accustomed to visit the mission family, she wrote, "assembled in the bungalow and lamented the loss of Mr. Colman in such simple and feeling language that my heart was wrung with pity. 'We have,' said they, 'lost our teacher and father, and are now

about to lose our mother. We are wicked and unworthy of a teacher, and therefore God has taken him from us.'"

Mrs. Colman went, ultimately, to Calcutta, where she entered the service of the Bengal Christian School Society by becoming superintendent of the Bengalee female schools; and after some years was married to Rev. Amos Sutton, D. D., a very estimable missionary of the English Baptists, in Orissa, and for many years continued in the work to which in youth she had given her heart.

Miss Sarah Hall, a young woman of Salem, Mass., (afterward Mrs. S. B. Judson,) was deeply affected by the circumstances of the life and death of Mr. Colman. She composed some very creditable lines concerning him, which were read at a missionary meeting in Salem; Mrs. Ann H. Judson, on a visit to this country, being present. They may be found on page 176 of No. 2 Missionary Memorials. The following is the closing stanza:

Oh, Colman! Thy father weeps not on thy grave,
Thy heart-riven mother ne'er sighs o'er thy dust;
But the long Indian grass there most sweetly shall wave,
And the drops of the evening descend on the just.
Cold, silent, and dark is the narrow abode,
But not long wilt thou sleep in that dwelling of gloom,
For soon shall be heard the great trump of our God,
To summon all nations to hear their last doom;
A garland of amaranth then shall be thine,
And thy name on the martyrs' bright register shine.
Oh, what glory will burst on thy view,
When are placed by the judge of the earth
The flowers that India grew
By thy care, on the never-pale wreath
Encircling thy brow!

III.

Jonathan D. Price, M. D.—*OUR GIFT TO THE BURMAN COURT*—Mah Hoo.

Christ, who has been my perfect sun by day,
Will be my star by night;
On my deep rest the Lord shall shine alway,
An everlasting Light.

B. MACANDREW.

BURMA, the object of our earliest missionary activity in the East, maintains its original prominence as a mission field. Rangoon, the "lone star" in that empire in 1813, and for many years thereafter, is now the principal orb of a large constellation. There has not been a lack of light since the night in which Judson and his enfeebled wife stepped ashore there as light-giving bodies. It has sometimes been limited, but never utterly wanting; not even when its bearers were shut up in prison.

This field, therefore, has ever drawn to itself and excited peculiar interest. Its name is almost synonymous, in popular speech, with the term *foreign missions*. It is the joy and pride of the Baptists of America; an inheritance, of which the missionaries themselves form the principal part. The earliest workers give rise to peculiar gratitude, because the first sacrifices seem to have been most costly. Whether they lived and labored few years or many, their names are

embalmed with the richest affections. Some of them have receded from view and their places in the system remain untaken, since one body can not traverse another's orbit nor do its shining. And most gratefully does the author point the eye to the spaces they occupied and to those that have followed in the general field, reviving their names and deeds for the inspiration of the generations.

Mrs. Charlotte White appears as a part of the second gift of the American Baptists to Burma, she having sailed with Mr. and Mrs. Hough from Philadelphia in December, 1815. Arriving in Calcutta in April, 1816, the party experienced a delay of several months, which resulted in a change of Mrs. White's destination. During this period of waiting, Rev. Joshua Rowe, of the English Baptist Mission, formed an acquaintance with and was married to her. This circumstance caused her settlement at Digah, Hindoostan, where she lived in useful service with her husband until his death, which occurred about seven years afterward. At that time an English periodical spoke of her as "eminently useful in the school at Digah," and expressed the hope that she would remain at that station and continue her work. Thus was this light not lost, though assigned another sphere.

Rev. Jonathan D. Price, M. D., and his wife were designated for the reenforcement of the Burman Mission, in Sansom Street Church, Philadelphia, in May, 1821, and soon afterward sailed, reaching Rangoon in December. A new and important element of missionary service was thus introduced—the medical. The trait of superstition in the heathen, coupled with de-

sire for a benefit, made them eager for everything new to them in the healing art. And Dr. Price had not been in the country very long before his skill was reported to the Golden Ears, designedly or not, and he was immediately summoned to the Court at Ava. Only a little more than two years had elapsed since Dr. Judson and Mr. Colman had gone before the Golden Face with the Bible in hand, and though careful to omit no form of presentation, or prostration necessary to obtaining favor, they were coldly repulsed and the Word of God rejected. But no discouragement was too great for men who had counted the cost, and Dr. Judson girded himself again that he might present Dr. Price to the king, as it was necessary he should do, Dr. Price being ignorant of the language and the customs of the Court.

Dr. Price at once came into great favor with the monarch, and was granted quarters in a house near the palace, in expectation that he would remain permanently. Dr. Judson began to obtain favor also, and was urged to remain at the capital to save Dr. Price from becoming "lonely and unhappy." Hope was high that through the latter the Gospel might be introduced at the heart of the empire. Dr. Judson conceived the plan of returning with his wife, on her arrival from America, and of attempting to establish a station at Ava, "beneath the favorable auspices which seemed to be secured by the medical reputation of Dr. Price." How hope was changed to dejection, and almost despair, the Christian world know better than they know anything else in missionary history. Dr. Price was one of the fated seven who bore the igno-

miny and tortures of the twenty-one months' imprisonment, and shared in the angelic ministries of Mrs. Ann H. Judson, which saved them from death.

He was finally taken from his horrid dungeon and, with Dr. Judson, used in negotiating for peace with the English. This change brought such a relief that it seemed like liberty itself, yet he was still a captive. In due time, peace being restored, he was fully released. The king was so greatly humiliated that it was now his time to be a suppliant. Those he had treated haughtily were now besought to help him. He had come to see how important was their knowledge to his interests, and he invited, begged them to stay at the capital, promising that they should be promoted and become great men.

It seemed wise that Dr. Price should accept the invitation of the king, not for the purpose of becoming a great man—there is no "greater" man than a missionary—but in order the more fully to serve Him who alone is great. By the rule of diversity in gifts and operations he could meet a demand for which no other one was prepared, and he stepped into the open door. Returning to Ava he became a physician to the king's subjects, under the royal favor, and established a school for the education of the sons of several families connected with the Court. Says Professor Gammell: "He gathered around him a large number of the young men of rank in the capital, and began to teach them the rudiments of science, and at the same time to impart to them the truths of religion. He also lectured in public before the highest officers of the government on the leading principles of astronomy, and of such other

sciences as would have a tendency gradually to undermine their faith in the dogmas of Buddhism; for these are as contradictory to the principles of true science as they are to the teachings of Christianity. His wide medical reputation and his connection with the Court afforded opportunities for setting forth religious truth such as an ordinary missionary could not have, and high hopes were entertained of the results of his labors. But ere he had realized any of his noble plans he fell a victim to a pulmonary consumption, and died at his post, at Ava, in February, 1828," (or, at Sagaing.)

Thus he had two years in which to testify to the truth, after two years of ignominious treatment in the same community in which he was goaded to prison as though he were the greatest of criminals. This Joseph, "whose feet they hurt with fetters and who was laid in irons," was exalted in the king's house, and had the honor to "teach his senators wisdom." The astronomy he taught tended to shake the very foundation of the national religion; for all systems of idolatry are interwoven with false notions of the heavens.

His important part in introducing the truths of nature and grace to the haughty empire of Burma causes every particle of information concerning him to be regarded with peculiar interest. It is with much pleasure, therefore, that the following communication from Rev. J. N. Cushing, D. D., of Rangoon, missionary to the Shans, is added to the foregoing sketch. It appeared in the *National Baptist* of September 15, 1887, and is here given without abridgment:

A RELIC OF EARLY MISSION TIMES.

A few days ago Dr. Forchhammer, government archæologist and professor of Pali in its college, sent me an impression from a gravestone, whose existence was entirely unknown up to the time of the taking of the impression. As government archæologist Dr. Forchhammer has several trusty and scholarly Burmans, whom he employs to collect books, inscriptions, and any information which will aid him in his departments of work. These men recently returned to Rangoon after several months' absence in Upper Burma, which were given to copying as many inscriptions and monuments as possible. Impressions were taken from several stones still standing in a deserted burial-place at Old Ava. One among them proved to be an impression of a stone erected to the memory of Mah Noo, the second wife of Dr. Price, one of the earliest American Baptist missionaries to Burma.

Dr. Price arrived in Burma December 13, 1821. He lost his first wife at Rangoon May 2, 1822. She was probably buried in the vicinity of the old mission-house which Dr. Judson purchased from Chater, the English Baptist missionary. The site of this house was near what is called Rebecca's Well, a part of the city now thickly covered with houses. All traces of her grave disappeared long since, and it can be truly said "No man knoweth her sepulcher unto this day."*

Seven months after his arrival, and consequently very soon after the death of his wife, Dr. Price accompanied Dr. Judson on a visit to Ava. Returning to Rangoon, he was married to Mah Noo by Dr. Judson. Dr. Price had a reputation for skill in removing cataracts from the eyes.

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*Mrs. Price was buried at the side of Dr. Judson's little son, Roger Williams, in the locality mentioned. Her death occurred in less than one year after leaving America, and in about five months after reaching the shore of Burma.—*Author.*

I have heard Mr. Hough, who was a fellow missionary of Judson and Price, relate the circumstances connected with this unusual marriage. The act, perhaps, showed a better heart than judgment on the part of Dr. Price. In an operation which he performed upon the eyes of Mah Noo he was unsuccessful, and she became irrecoverably blind. Dr. Price conceived the idea that he ought to marry her in consequence of his ill success, and care for and support her. Dr. Judson remonstrated in vain, and finally, much against his will, solemnized the marriage.

After the first Anglo-Burmese war Dr. Price returned to Ava. He arrived May 29, 1826, and entered the service of the King of Burma. Mah Noo died in the following November. Dr. Price survived her until February 14, 1828, when he died at Sagaing, on the opposite side of the Irrawaddy River from Old Ava. Tradition says that he was buried at Sagaing. The site of his grave is not known. Possibly tradition is at fault, and he lies in the little burial place at Old Ava. All the stones in that deserted God's-acre were copied except one, and that belongs to a grave alongside Mah Noo's grave. This may be Dr. Price's grave. Further examination will be made by Dr. Forchhammer's men, who have started again for Upper Burma.

Mah Noo's gravestone has a nicely rounded top. It is forty-two inches high above ground, and is thirty-six inches broad. The upper half is occupied by the following inscription in English:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

Mannen,

CONSORT OF JONATHAN D. PRICE, M.D., AMERICAN MISSIONARY TO AVA.

Born a heathen, she passed her youth in ignorance of the true God, and placed her hope in annihilation as the chief and only good. Through the preaching of the Rev.

Dr. Judson at Rangoon, life and immortality as brought to light in the gospel of Jesus Christ were set before her, and the infinite superiority of the Christian's hope secured at once her most cordial acquiescence. She believed and was baptized. Her life and conversation have proved the sincerity of her first love. Alone in the midst of a whole nation of unbelievers, and placed by the late war in circumstances of the most trying affliction, she displayed a bold, unwavering zeal, a holy fortitude, and a sweet, heavenly patience which have so endeared her memory to all who knew her. She departed this life on

THE 28TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D. MDCCCXXVI.,

AGED TWENTY-THREE YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS, LEAVING BEHIND TWO SONS TOO YOUNG TO KNOW THEIR LOSS.

I slumber now beneath the ground;
But soon the trumpet's joyful sound
Shall burst my chains. Then with surprise
Shall I in Jesus' image rise.

Oh, glorious hour! Oh, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

The lower half of the stone contains an inscription in Burmese, which is a full translation of the English inscription. Under this are several lines of Burmese, cut in very small letters. Parts of them are perfectly illegible from the action of the weather. After giving the date of Mah Noo's death in the Burmese era, they state that an Atwenwoon, whose name is illegible, followed her to the grave and assisted at her burial. Her funeral must have been a stately affair, for an Atwenwoon was a private minister of the king, and was outranked only by the four Woongyees, or chief ministers of the king. This connection of an Atwenwoon with the funeral may have been due to the rela-

tion which Dr. Price sustained to some of the chief families in the golden city as the instructor of their sons.

Mah Noo was the fifth Burman Christian who died. It is strange that her long-forgotten gravestone has survived the influences of this destructive climate in so perfect a condition, and escaped the mutilating hands of Buddhists, who hate Christianity and have so frequently vented their spite on the gravestones of Christians in Lower Burma. It is a silent witness reminding us of those early mission days, which were already far in the past when our now venerable and beloved Mrs. Bennett arrived in the country. The history of those days, with their lessons of undoubted faith, of firm trust in God for personal protection and unflinching effort to lay some foundations for Christianity, is an inspiration which the Church can not afford to lose. The discovery of such a memento of the past has its use to recall that history and stimulate the faith and zeal of the present generation. J. N. CUSHING.

RANGOON.

IV.

Grover H. Comstock—*EARLIER LIGHTS; ARAKAN; THE INTERCESSORY CRY; TOILING, TRIUMPHING, DYING.*

> Oh, for the faith that goes to meet
> The future with unshrinking feet,
> Remembering that the sorest rod
> Blooms with the patient love of God!
>
> HARRIET M. KIMBALL.

TWENTY years of missionary history had been made. There was some progress to the work, but the harvest was great and the laborers were few. Sufficient had been accomplished to justify the ardent faith which the missionaries cherished, while the converts, from the first, believed in the possibility of a wide prevalence of the Christian religion. Hardness was so common in the experience of the natives that any sign of good was an occasion for hopefulness. Immediately upon being converted they began to teach and preach Jesus Christ, "according to their several ability," not fearing the wrath of the king. The fitness of encouraging them none could doubt, though it seemed important to have assurance of their sincerity.

The first native commissioned to preach was the second convert, Moung Ing; the first convert having been Moung Nau. Previous to his baptism "he had

endeavored to spread the knowledge of the Savior by conversation with his friends." He remained steadfast amid persecution. Mrs. Judson mentions him as spending every evening in reading the Scriptures and finding the places where the Apostles preached, on a map which Mr. Judson prepared. He was her faithful helper through all her prison troubles. His great virtue was fidelity. Not specially gifted in other respects, he witnessed a good profession, testifying of Christ on every opportunity, and in 1827, about eight years after his conversion, was appointed as missionary. He bears the honor of having suggested and originated the missions at Tavoy and Mergui, upon which Mason and Boardman entered, and whose fruit among the Karen mountains so soon shook like Lebanon.

The next Burman converts who were appointed to the work were Moung (or Ko) Shwa-ba and Moung Myat-Kyaw. They were the first to the Talaings, and were sent in 1828.

Then follow Cephas Bennett and Mrs. Stella K. Bennett, appointed the next year, whose honored names appeared on the roll without intermission until recently, when they were entered on High. Mr. Bennett filled out a term of fifty-five years. Mrs. Stella, the "star" that of all our missionaries longest stood in the Burman sky, departed from her familiar sphere since this writing began and entered the Heaven to which her soul aspired and of which she was worthy. They shall shine together forever and ever.

In the following year, 1829, five more natives were sent to their countrymen with the message of eternal life; namely, Ko Thah-a, Ko Man Poke (with wife), Ko

Dwah and Ko En, to the Burmese, and the far-famed evangelist Ko Thah-byu to the Karens. The same year the intrepid Francis Mason, with his accomplished wife, Helen M. Mason, entered the service of the Karens in Burma, followed the subsequent year by that hero among heroes, Eugenio Kincaid, with his wife, Mrs. Amy Kincaid, and by Miss Eleanor Macomber and Oliver T. Cutter, printer, with his wife, Mrs. Harriet B. Cutter; a list that brings the record to 1831.

Arakan, formerly Arracan, a euphonious, missionary name, awakens memories that are most precious. At one time its mention kindled enthusiasm throughout our Zion; not on account of any of the natural features or acquired greatness of the country bearing it, but because of some servants of the Most High who put into it their lives and left there the impress of a love that never dies.

This wedge-shaped territory stretches along the east side of the Bay of Bengal, being four hundred and fifty miles in length by a mean breadth of fifty miles. Burma adjoins it on the east and is separated from it by a ridge of mountains. On the north is Chittagong, and near the dividing line is Cox's Bazaar, where the devoted Colman became a martyr to his zeal for the salvation of the inhabitants of that place, so notedly unhealthful. In the progress of events it became subject to the British, and is now scarcely distinguished as a separate country but is included in the one general dominion of Great Britain in the East. Its island territory constitutes an important part of the province, while the cities and lands along the shore comprise the more attractive parts. An immense population has

occupied it from the earliest knowledge of our missionaries; and being more accessible than the inhabitants of Burma proper, at the period under review, because of its earlier subjection to the British, it was determined to establish a mission there. At once it assumed great interest and attracted the attention of the promoters of missions wherever found; partially on account of the attractiveness of the missionaries themselves, who were remarkably interesting characters and very successful in their work.

The first sent was Grover S. Comstock, a son of Rev. Oliver C. and L. S. Comstock, born at Ulysses, N. Y., March 24, 1809. The father was a trophy from the arena of public life at the capital. He was a member of Congress at the time of his conversion, and professed his faith before the representatives of his country collected in Washington, by being baptized; and, subsequently, he declared his belief in the higher calling by laying aside the honors of civil service and entering the office of ambassador for Christ.

The son followed him in some respects. He was first liberally educated, graduating from Hamilton College, at Clinton, N. Y., in June, 1827; then studied law, and was admitted an attorney in the Supreme and Chancery Courts of the State. Having a high character for scholarship and deportment he readily formed a high connection in the profession, and success seemed certain and near. His settlement was at Rochester, N. Y., where he entered upon practice with much enthusiasm. But, being a child of many prayers, and one that had "known the Holy Scriptures," he was easily reached by the revival that swept through his

city in 1831, and became a member of the First Church, of which his father was at the time pastor. So complete was the power of the Spirit over his soul that he began at once to exercise his gifts in behalf of others, in visitation and entreaty; and soon to inquire in what position he might do the most good in the world. The church commended him to the Board of the Institution at Hamilton as a candidate for the ministry, and there for one year he creditably pursued the studies of the senior class in theology, following it with part of a year at the same place in the study of the Burman language, as taught by Mr. and Mrs. Wade. His name appears in the class graduated in 1833, with names of other eminent missionaries — William Dean, Hosea Howard, and Justus H. Vinton.

Circumstances indicate that here he met for the first time that student of the Burman who was to share his honors and sacrifices in life—Miss Sarah Davis, of Brookline, Mass. They were married and accepted as missionaries, and sailed as part of that noble body of recruits that went out with Mr. and Mrs. Wade on their return to Burma in 1834.

Mr. Comstock, with his noble wife, entered upon his first work as missionary in unbroken ground; Rev. Thomas Simons accompanying them to the field and aiding in exploring it. Mr. Comstock, after waiting two months for a passage from Maulmein, secured conveyance for Kyouk Phyoo, an important town, and military station of the British at the time, situated at the northern extremity of the island of Ramree, one of the five main divisions of Arakan. It was necessary that he reach the field and get settled before the rains,

and with characteristic energy he chartered a small schooner and took with him eight large boxes of tracts and a few Testaments, in all nearly one and a half million of pages. Wind and current were unfavorable and progress was very slow, and at one time it seemed probable that the vessel would not reach its destination. While at anchor on the way he went ashore and told some of the natives of the Christ, of whom they had not heard, and they took the news and a few tracts back into the interior. This was his introduction of the Gospel in Arakan. After slow sailing for nearly a month the brief distance was compassed and he and Mrs. Comstock were hospitably received at Kyouk Phyoo by Mr. Adams, master of the port, March, 1835.

Mr. Comstock began his work instantly. The large prevalence of the Burmese language, with which he had become somewhat familiar, enabled him to communicate with the natives quite intelligibly. He arranged for the fitting of a room for his dwelling, then began his tours among the people, going first to a village thirty miles distant and being absent four days. The Catechism and other material prepared by the Judsons were very serviceable in his hand-to-hand work, for they were readily taken and eagerly perused. No waiting for nor omission of opportunities was admissible in his life, and very soon the natives became impressed both with the man and with his teaching. In a month he took possession of his house, thus coming into easier reach of the people, who, on finding the way open, flocked to his home to learn concerning the new religion. A case of swinging for caste (*i. e.*, to obtain a higher grade), by means of hooks inserted in

the back, occurred in the vicinity, and being attended by thousands, he and Mrs. Comstock were overwhelmed with inquirers as to the better way.

The promptness with which evangelizing work was begun and the rapidity of its success were a marvel for that time. The preparation seems to have been found in a growing dissatisfaction with the prevalent Buddhism, which offered no comfort in sorrow or support in death. The poor deluded beings were ready to receive information as to any other. As knowledge of the foreign teachings spread, inquirers multiplied; some coming from the neighboring island Cheduba, some from Aeng district in the north, and some even from Chittagong, further north. All this in the first three months.

During the rains, when he could not well travel, Mr. Comstock devoted his time very closely to study of the language; yet, as the weather permitted, he repeated his visits to neighboring villages where he circulated tracts and preached.

As his familiarity with the language increased his mode of work was improved. He wrote October 2, 1835: "When I first came here I was obliged to confine myself to the tracts, but a more extensive acquaintance with the language and with the people enables me now to vary my instructions according to the circumstances of those I address. I am happy to say that I have not been obliged to say as much about astronomy and geography as formerly. My instructions are confined more to Christ crucified, and I have, therefore, more hope that the Spirit will bless them to the good of souls."

Mr. Comstock appears to have been on the alert, determined to be instant and in season. A boat comes in from Burma with a large crew of eighty, and he hastens to give them the message of salvation. Another appears in the harbor with a crew of forty, and to these he runs that they also may hear and read. At every effort he proves his power of getting attention and good will. Very rarely does he make record of difficulty, as in the following entry which, meanwhile, shows hopeful indications as to the outcome in the thoughtfulness and candor manifested.

"Although they heard with attention, several were unwilling to take books. The Arakanese are very suspicious, and not appreciating the *real* motive of my giving away books, they fear there is some evil design in it; some also say that being disciples of Gaudama, they dare not become acquainted with the Christian religion. I heard to-day a new objection to the religion of Christ — that the disciples treated their wives with respect and affection, regarding them as companions rather than servants. Several women were standing at a little distance, and raising my voice I acknowledged that Christians loved their wives, and treated them kindly; and is not this better, I asked, than to pull them about by the hair, flog them, etc., as the worshipers of Gaudama do? To this the men made no reply, but still seemed to regard their objection as a very serious one."

Arakan consists not a little in the islands, some of them very large, that are scattered along its coast. And Mr. Comstock, in fixing his station in one of them, Ramree, felt that he was fairly within the prov-

ince, since the population was most dense along the seaboard. Still his energy carried him across the bays and straits, by such boats as he could procure, and through storms, for the wider spread of the Gospel. Exposure and fatigue, at about the time under review, brought on a fever which kept him at home for nearly a month; then he pushed on his work of visitation to surrounding places, not stopping for the rice harvest to be gathered, though it detained some of the men. He went from island to island. When waiting for change of tide he would seek some of the people of the interior and secure a hearing.

In the beginning of the year 1836 he took a journey to Aeng, the principal town of the province of the same name, about sixty miles to the northeast. See the unwasting zeal that impelled him forward! On the second day of travel he made this entry: "Was happy to find a dozen or more salt boilers, where the boat stopped for water, to whom I talked about the God who gave them salt and all the blessings of life, and more than this, who gave his Son to die for their salvation. Left with them ten tracts." On the third and fourth day improved similar opportunities, and reached Aeng on the fourth. Early on the fifth he began wayside work in earnest, and was followed by eager throngs who pressed for books, crying, "Pity me, and give me a book," and sitting in groups read about Christ of whom they had never heard. Next day had its reward in rich experiences. Procured a canoe and crossed the river. Found only one house inhabited, and, "climbing up a small pole ten or twelve feet, at a considerable risk of falling into the pig-pen

under the house, entered it, to tell to those who are strictly 'without God in the world,' of Him who made them and of Him who died for them. The man was deaf, but the Lord has given me strong lungs and I was able to make him hear the glad tidings. His wife and daughter, with faces tattooed all over, also listened to the truth, as well as a few of their Arakanese neighbors." His journal from day to day evinces this unremitted aggressive work, with awakening on the part of the natives in almost every case. The country seemed ripe for a religion that contained an element of relief and sympathy.

The year 1837 opened auspiciously for Christian work, yet the requirement was somewhat different. The truth had been under investigation since first given to the people, and many were now ready for disputation. Their minds were naturally argumentative, and Mr. Comstock was beset by them. This second stage of progress was hopeful rather than otherwise, though it brought Mr. C. into some unpleasant collisions.

An unfavorable feature was experienced meantime. Both Mr. and Mrs. Comstock began to undergo attacks of illness, incident to the climate. It was claimed that the country was not unhealthful, but foreigners who had occasion to test it were of a different opinion. The officers of the Bengal Government, holding post here, were allowed nearly double the customary pay, suitably prepared dwellings, and a vessel in the harbor by which they might flee the country on the appearance of special danger arising from local or climatic diseases. The Government was quite favorable now

to the missionary work, as evinced by the reception given Mr. and Mrs. Comstock on their arrival, by Mr. Adams. And now that the health of these missionaries seemed precarious, the same gentleman provided them with a boat to go down the coast two or three hundred miles; a sea voyage being the old medicine administered to missionaries. They spent three days at Ramree and nearly four at Sandoway, two leading towns in the province. And while health was sought, and with success, Mr. Comstock was about as busy as ever he had been in preaching Christ and giving away tracts; meantime getting impressions as to the prospect for mission work.

On returning they were much cheered by the unexpected presence of two native assistants, one Burmese and one Bengalee, who had come from Maulmein to aid in spreading the truth. In the month following there was another occasion of rejoicing. Rev. Levi Hall and his wife had reached the country as designated missionaries, having been diverted from the "Telinga Mission" (Telugu), on reaching Calcutta, by reason of the illness of Mr. and Mrs. Comstock, which threatened the extinction of the Arakan mission. But adversity was set over against this hopefulness, and in a short time there was more occasion for depression than ever there had been. The new missionaries barely saw the land. Arriving May 8, they had two months of life there, when Mrs. Hall was stricken down with fever, dying July 9. Mr. Hall followed her on September 12, from the same cause. He died in the morning and was buried in the evening, the remains being interred near those of his wife, at Kyouk Phyoo. "The

two native assistants were engaged during the day, nearly all the time, in reading and talking to great numbers who came to see the departed missionary."

To the ordinary mind this sad event appears to have been an intervention to defeat the enterprise in Arakan, or at the least as an "inscrutable mystery"; but what if it turned out for the furtherance of the Gospel? The cause that was founded upon earth in the blood of the Divine Man is carried on by the blood of his followers, shed in some way, and why not in the manner indicated? The awakening of the native mind by such a circumstance, both of believers and unbelievers, foreshowed a remaining influence by which the missionary though dead continued to speak.

The missionaries did not long continue at Kyouk Phyoo; for the cause that occasioned their excursion to Ramree still remained. So it was determined to relinquish the mission there. In November, 1837, they went to Calcutta and thence to Maulmein, arriving at the latter place in April following, where they were enrolled as a part of its missionary force. But their hearts were still in Arakan, and Mr. Comstock expressed the conviction that there were three stations in the province, either of which might be occupied without an undue exposure of health; and he declared that there was no place in which they would be more willing to spend the remnant of their days.

On the first of March, 1839, after nearly one year's residence and activity in Maulmein, they returned to Arakan; spent ten days in Kyouk Phyoo and then went on to Ramree, where they located for future toil. This was a town of 10,000 inhabitants and the center

of a large population. Rev. Lyman Stilson and wife, new arrivals from America, and two native assistants accompanied them to this field. A church was formed, consisting of eight members; four of the number natives. It grew to the encouraging number of eleven in a short time, and soon it had the delightful privilege of celebrating the Lord's Supper, after meetings for preparatory services in which anticipation of the ordinance arose almost to the mark of reality.

With health improved and with the new missionary at his right hand, Mr. Comstock renewed his work with all the zeal of the previous period and place.

Among the activities of this time was a visit of exploration to Cheduba, a large island southwest of Ramree, containing a population of about ten thousand. It was distant two days by boat. Mr. Comstock and Mr. Stilson went together, taking two native assistants and forty thousand pages of tracts. The assistants were to remain a month, make a tour of the island, distribute tracts and preach. The people urged Mr. Comstock strongly to live among them. And it was during this visit that the demand of the whole field came upon him with overwhelming force. Estimating the breadth and the importance of the country as missionary ground, and not forgetting the limited number of laborers obtainable, he concludes that a call should be made for two men for Akyab, one for Sandoway, one for Cheduba, to labor among the Mugs and Burmans, and two for the twenty thousand Khyens of the province—six men for Arakan.

Early in the year 1840 there was an accession to the missionary force of this field, secured by one of

those providential circumstances that arise in the history of missions—a disturbance of civil affairs. The British resident retired from Burma, and the characteristic sensitiveness as to the influence of foreigners was greatly strengthened. Missionaries might remain in the land, but were not allowed to teach the people. And idleness soon becomes intolerable to such men as Kincaid and Abbott, who would not wait for a new adjustment in governmental affairs, but at once struck tent for at least a temporary campaign in Arakan. The former proceeded to Akyab and the latter to Sandoway.

Mr. Comstock now had an encouraging measure of cooperation. With the consciousness of the presence in the province of those valiant soldiers, and likewise of the equally valiant natives, and being able to say, "The best of all is, God is with us," his enthusiasm knew no bounds. The two assistants returned from Cheduba with a good account of their tract distribution and preaching. "At some villages the people continued listening and inquiring till ten o'clock at night, and they 'preached themselves tired.'"

A change of base was effected by removing from Mr. Stilson's to the opposite end of the town and occupying their own new house. Soon the people flocked to the house in great numbers, an average of at least one hundred daily, and were faithfully instructed in the way of life. Thus passed the summer and autumn. There being a missionary family at either end of the town, the people were reached and effectually plied with the truth. Mr. Comstock took a hopeful view of the situation, and claimed that "the

climate of Arakan would not suffer in comparison with that of many other eastern countries, and that the places now occupied by the missionaries were, for the most part, salubrious."

At the close of this year, 1840, Mr. Comstock took his family to Cheduba, and there spent two weeks in special evangelism. They went from village to village, speaking of Christ, sometimes in an ox cart, sometimes in a boat, but oftener on foot. In this tour Mrs. Comstock did special service; she "had many women with her every day, and on some days crowds." Mr. Comstock was at times out and at work before breakfast. And whatever may he said of the indolence of the natives, they too were up and eager for the bread that never perisheth. On one Sabbath morning, almost as soon as it was daylight, the zayat was surrounded with them, men and women, and it was crowded nearly all the day. The demand for tracts and Scriptures was such that their supply of 27,000 pages was exhausted before the tour was finished.

A similar trip was made to Akyab, where, and in the towns of Cruda, Arakan, and others, Mr. Comstock labored for a month with brother Kincaid in most hopeful work. He became convinced anew that the great want of the country was the living teacher. Tracts were useful, but investigation and discussion, the explanation and enforcement of the truth was indispensably necessary. "Books alone will not answer the purpose," said he. And here the true missionary conviction, and the supreme demand of the heathen, arose in his mind as a controlling idea; and it did not lose its force to the end of his days. *Men*,

MEN! And six was his number. "Preachers are indispensable," said he, "and here in Arakan a half a dozen or more are needed *now*, to do the work which the circumstances of the people loudly demand."

The seven years of work and waiting, so typical in missionary history, was almost ended when the first baptism occurred. As always, it was a joyous occasion. The subject was a Mussulman, who had been an attentive hearer of the Gospel at Ramree, from the time the missionaries settled there, and for a year or two had given evidence of being a Christian; but the menaces and persecutions of his friends had overawed him. Following Christ and bearing his reproach was something as yet unlearned; no example had been given in this land. The circumstances are thus described by Mr. Comstock:

"As soon as it became known in town that he was to be baptized, the Mussulman population, and indeed half the town, were in great commotion. His brother came to my house and forbade his baptism, at the same time threatening him in the most violent manner. On our way to the river his wife met him and raved like a mad person, brandishing a branch of the plantain tree in the air, and beating him with it, whenever she could get near him. She also rushed frantically up to me two or three times, and rubbing her hands across her neck, begged that I would cut her throat. She repeatedly seized her husband, as did also his brother, both of whom seemed determined to prevent his baptism by force, since threats of burning his house, beating him, etc., failed to intimidate him. A multitude of others gathered around, and at one time

I feared that violence and riot on a large scale would be resorted to. Aga Bouk (the subject) raised his hands and with a firm voice said: 'All these people I fear not; I fear God alone.' When we arrived at the river's brink violence ceased, and I was permitted, in the presence of many hundreds of heathen and Mussulmen, to baptize our first convert here." A week later: "Aga Bouk's wife has deserted him, his friends disown him, and his neighbors revile and persecute him; still he is firm and undaunted."

It would seem that the very time of the land had now come. Christianity had gained a victory, not only over one sinful soul, but likewise over all who undertook to hinder him from taking a public stand on the Lord's side, and the way seemed clear for an increasing number of victories. It occurred in February, 1842. Meantime the other missionaries were gaining at their posts. The number of members at Ramree was ten; at Akyab, seventeen; at Cruda, eight or ten.

The missionaries devoted some time to the preparation of tracts, books, and maps. Mr. Stilson had reduced to writing the language of the Khyens and a part of the words of the Kemmees. The head of the latter, known as the "Mountain Chief," had sent a letter, saying that they were "anxious to know the true God and be taught the true book." "Our sons and our daughters," said he, "we shall deliver over to you, to be taught, if you will have compassion on us." Messrs. Kincaid and Stilson visited him and had a most cordial welcome. "On being told that they would study the language and teach him and his people the knowledge of God, he said that their decision gave him more

joy than if he had received thousands of gold and silver. 'If we have the knowledge of God I shall die in peace.'"

Ere the close of this year (1842) Mr. Comstock gained another victory. This time it was over himself. His heart clung to the children which God had given him, while his continuance in the mission appeared to depend upon separating from them. The two oldest must be sent to the United States, or he must go and take them and there devote himself to their nurture. The question in the Ramree station was a most engrossing and serious one. (Mrs. Comstock's relation to it is told elsewhere.) And, as in similar cases of consecration to the cause of Christ, children were not to be loved more than Him. They must go and the parents stay. It was a hard battle, for they were those "fondest loves" that bound them to this world, while the poor Arakanese were a link between this and the next that could not easily be broken.

The day of parting came. The ship lay in the offing, two miles out. Receiving the children from the hand of their mother, he took them out to the vessel, descended to the cabin and entered a state-room with them. Mr. Kincaid, who took them in charge for the voyage, says: "Brother Comstock went on board ship with us and remained until about nine in the evening. But he must leave. Again and again he folded his Lucy and Oliver in his arms, gave them a father's last blessing, bathing their faces with his tears. His whole frame trembled with emotion. He went down the side of the ship, and as the little boat was gliding off in the dark, he looked up, and I heard—they were the last

words I heard from that devoted missionary—'Brother Kincaid, remember, *Six men for Arakan.*'"

How strong was the love for Jesus Christ that could go through such death as that and triumph over it! With streaming eye, peering through the murky atmosphere, in fond hope, it may be, of catching a glimpse of the children, and with a bleeding heart, crushed the more on account of the darkness amidst which he had committed them to six months of perilous experience with the ocean, he yet had strength to rise above himself and fix his mind upon a perishing people. Listen to his last word to the unmoored ship —transfixing the soul of Kincaid and reverberating from his lips throughout America, awakening the tongue of the orator and the lyre of the poet—*Six men for Arakan!* And how could he go home at such an hour of night and not carry the darlings to their mother and to their bed! Ah, he went empty-handed that the heathen might be made rich and the Savior have many crowns. Napoleon Bonaparte, viewing such an exhibition, would have declared the religion and the Founder to be divine that could gain such empire in the human breast.

Mrs. Comstock's bereavement was borne but for a few months, when sorrow was lost in eternal joy. She passed away on April 28, 1843. Mr. Comstock was now left to bear the separation without her sympathy, and with the terrible, the added loss of the wife and mother. Nor was this all. In six weeks the eldest child in the house followed his mother, and in eighteen days after this event the one remaining, a babe, followed his brother; and the fond father sat solitary in

his desolated home. Nine years had passed since the parents plighted faith at the altar of marriage; all this had occurred, and Mr. Comstock now was upon the strand, cast down but not destroyed. His faith failed not, and he girded himself anew for the conflict.

He was now alone in Ramree, Mr. and Mrs. Stilson having gone to Akyab and Mr. and Mrs. Abbott being in Sandoway. Sickness became unusually prevalent. Notwithstanding the endeavor of the hopeful and courageous missionaries to check the growth of opinion that the climate was not healthful, death was making sad havoc, even among the few disciples of Christ. The assistants Bleh Poh and Shway Bay died, and villages where Gospel work had been successfully begun were mostly depopulated by cholera. Even he who strove to strengthen the faith of American Christians, and to cause them to invest more human lives in the Arakan mission, did not escape. Soon after the loss of his family his health declined, but it resumed its wonted vigor and he pushed on until finally arrested by the last, the irresistible "enemy." A year, lacking only three days, from the date of Mrs. Comstock's death was all the time allotted him in which to finish his course. This he occupied with a noble spirit of devotion and heroism that entitled him to rank with those incomparable men whom he left to carry on the work in the province. He fell, sword in hand, April 25, 1844, aged thirty-five.

He had gone to spend the hottest part of the dry season at Akyab, and was there engaged in rewriting and arranging for publication a little work on Arakan—its geography, history, resources, religion, etc.—which

was published by the American Oriental Society. He was writing the concluding chapter when called to go to his home on High. His illness was brief, being of but two days continuance, and his death triumphant. He said to Mr. Stilson, "I did desire to live a little longer, to labor for God. I hoped to return to Ramree and baptize Poh Tau and the boys," referring to a young copyist and some school boys, "but if the Lord has no more for me to do, I can cheerfully leave the world now. I have no earthly cords to bind me here. * * * I wish you to state distinctly to my friends at home that I have *never in the least* regretted having come to this country." At the last, when he could no longer speak, he pointed upward with a smile. The remains were buried at dusk, the day on which he died; the services being conducted by Mr. Stilson, and being attended by the European officers in their uniform.

Rev. O. C. Comstock, his father, gave a clear and succinct analysis of his character, from which the following is taken: "Amid toils and dangers, sickness and deaths, discernment, fidelity and usefulness have been accorded him by universal suffrage. His mind was strong, his learning solid, thorough, and practical. Entertaining definite and vivid conceptions of his subject, his reasoning was just and his deductions were plain and triumphant. He was remarkable for conscientiousness and decision of character. Unappalled amid the most formidable difficulties, nothing could induce him to flinch from the prosecution of his purpose when formed upon mature and prayerful deliberation. We fear not the imputation from those who best

knew our lamented son, that we write under the blinding influence of paternal partiality and grief, when we say that he possessed high intellectual and moral worth. Formed for society, friendship and love, he was truly interesting and amiable in all the relations of life."

The ruling passion of this truly representative missionary—*more men for the work*—was strong in death. It was the overmastering sentiment of a soul born of God and for God, in the trying hour when his children were entrusted to other hands, conscious that he was denying himself the privilege of doing more for them in this world; also in the last hours of his earthly day, when the same thought engaged his pen. Almost ten years were allotted him from the date of embarkation for the doing of what one laborer could accomplish, with disease lurking wherever he went, and death picking away his family until he alone was left. Who with less mental vigor, physical energy, and hopefulness and consecration could do as much as he did? So far from being merely a crier for men, his own example of hard work was calculated to dismay any who might feel called to follow him, except God should be with them also.

Those who entered Arakan during his lifetime and whom he left in occupation of the field, viz., Messrs. Kincaid, Abbott, and Stilson, men and missionaries of the highest type, appear elsewhere in these and other annals. Great grace was upon the people wherever they labored, and not less upon the work of the excellent native assistants. Although the mystic number of years, seven, must be fulfilled ere conversions and

baptisms should crown Mr. Comstock's efforts, yet when begun to be realized they increased like multiplying drops of rain upon the waiting fields. The year of his death was one of the right hand of the Most High. The Gospel made great triumphs in parts of Burma adjoining Arakan, and in this province four hundred and eighty-nine were baptized. Total baptisms in the several missions, 2,039; a large number for the time and the circumstances.

Thus was the founder of the mission permitted to see it rise; favored not merely in seeing the Promised Land but also in entering it and partaking of the corn and wine. Was it strange that, as he beheld its richness and its great dimensions, he should maintain the watch-call, by which he is known, to the very end, and that the last sentence ever penned by him should pertain to the fewness of the laborers? O, Arakan! How honored and blessed by his devotion, and how meet that he who loved thee so, and the good woman who loved thee no less, should be buried in thine own soil, beneath thine own tamarinds!

V.

Sarah D. Comstock—*"THE ONLY PROOF"; "AND CHILDREN"; ZEAL A-GLOW; BENEATH THE TAMARINDS.*—Miss Cummings—Miss Macomber.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
Full well I know Thy patient love perceives,
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—
And, though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

SARAH DAVIS, wife of Rev. Grover S. Comstock, was a prominent character in the decade of missions beginning with the sailing of the *Cashmere*, in 1834, which conveyed Dr. and Mrs. Wade on their return voyage and a number of new missionaries. She was born in Brookline, Mass., September 24, 1812, near the time of the origin of the missionary enterprise in this country, and was "born again" in the same village, under the ministry of Rev. Joseph A. Warne.

With the glow and ecstasy of her youth there was developed a habit of thoughtfulness upon the soul's interests, and this naturally resulted in an intelligent and glad acceptance of Christ. It also brought forth that further good fruit—a deep concern for the salvation of others. In her eighteenth year she became a member of the church by baptism. At this period she engaged in teaching, and made it a special object to

lead her pupils to Christ. Her religious influence was so decided that some of the parents who were averse to religion removed their children from her school; yet the little ones secretly sought her society and prayers—such was their love for her and her words. Her Sunday-school work was still more fruitful. The midnight hour witnessed the fervor of her prayer for her pupils; and this solicitude, with other means, brought them into the light.

Such a person does not limit herself to the work that comes to hand but seeks work. She was not long in finding an object for her broad and strong sympathies; one adapted to give them the fullest exercise. "The vision of a heathen world perishing in ignorance and sin touched the tenderest chords in her newly-sanctified nature, and like a dark but powerful picture drew to itself her spiritual vision until it absorbed her gaze."

There is no evidence that her decision to be a missionary was at all influenced by offer of marriage. Her calling was not of man, nor her leading by the hand of man. Mr. Comstock was born and educated in another state; and it seems that her purposes were formed before they met each other. Each was born a missionary, and the match must have been made in heaven.

At the outset of her Christian life her consecration was complete, and when she felt a leading toward the foreign field no question of expediency was for a moment to be admitted. She felt that she must give all as evidence of discipleship, saying to her parents: "I wish to ask *your full and free consent to the only proof I have in my power to give of my attachment to Christ.*"

The Brookline church approved of her course in most emphatic terms, and the Board formally accepted her as a missionary; independently of Mr. Comstock, for she expected to go out a single woman. Her acceptance occurred at the time of the return of Dr. and Mrs. Wade to this country; and she was one of the favored company who received their instruction in Burman in the temporary school at Hamilton, New York.

True to herself and her calling she followed her missionary impulse while in Hamilton, not waiting for greater opportunities. She sought out those needing spiritual light and life, and ministered to their necessities. During the nine months of study there she taught in the Sunday school, and a number of her class were converted and baptized. She searched out those in any distress; and it was relating to a visit to a squalid family of colored folks that she made the impressive remark, "If ever I panted for missionary toil, it was while under that wretched roof."

Some persons can appreciate the pathetic experience of parting from friends and country, while fewer realize the delicate pathos of parting from a seat of secret prayer where the soul has been strengthened, fed, and made glad. There is both a touch of nature and a blossom of piety manifest in the following reference by Mrs. Comstock, in a letter written on the first anniversary of her farewell to home:—"Ah! well do I remember *that day—that hour.* * * * I sauntered through the house, and at last found S—— seated on the upper stairs in tears. She was sole occupant." (The parents were on their way to the embarkation

at Boston. She returned from the company for another hour at the old home.) "I took another last look at each room; but all was as the stillness of death. In the south front room Mr. Comstock and I knelt in prayer for the last time. It was during *that* prayer that my feelings for the first time overcame me, in view of the trying scenes before me. But the conquest was momentary. A thought of the shortness of time, the wretchedness of the heathen, and the dying love of *their* and *my* Savior soon restored tranquillity and peace.

"I next went into the north front chamber, that place which had so often been a Bethel to my soul. As I gazed about the room my eyes fastened upon one chosen spot in which my Savior had often deigned to bless me with his presence. And while I thought of the many delightful hours spent there in pleading for my dear Sabbath-school class, brothers, the heathen, and for a knowledge of the divine will in relation to my future life, I could scarcely forbear uttering the words of the poet:

> 'To leave my dear friends, and from kindred to part,
> To go from my home, it affects not my heart
> Like the thought of absenting myself for a day
> From that bless'd retreat where I've chosen to pray.'

I threw myself upon my knees, and alone once more offered a farewell petition with thanksgiving; and forever left a spot dearer to me than all others in my native land."

This point in sacrifice compares to that of parting with children in mission lands, that they may come to America to be educated—the two painful ones which

test the missionary's ability to drink of the cup that the Master drank. Mrs. Comstock came from a period when a "bower of prayer" was regarded as an important means in the culture of the Christian life; a precious trysting place of the soul with its Savior, to which the mystic chords of memory were ever turning with grateful tears.

The day of departure came, and after a voyage of five months the vessel reached Amherst. In common with the many, she first visited the grave of her who "appears on the page of missionary history as an illuminated initial letter"; acknowledged also as the first of her sex in womanly Christian character. The effect was not sentimental but salutary; for there she "felt to consecrate herself anew" to the missionary cause.

After settling in Kyouk Phyoo, Arakan, duty seemed to call Mr. Comstock from home continually, and she, left alone, organized a school for boys, and instructed them in English and Burman. She also received and conversed with the curious and with inquirers, and ministered to the sick according to the skill possessed. The latter service fully occupied her time for periods, when not in the school-room.

A removal to a more healthful locality became necessary. The death of the new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, considered in connection with their own repeated illnesses, made such a change seem imperative. They were not discouraged. The promise of fruit stimulated them in their toils, and was as flattering as that enjoyed by missionaries in other parts. They did not pine for home, but gave all the enthusiasm of their earnest souls to the cause of the wretched

Arakanese, whom they loved for the sake of Him who died for them. They only felt that they must relocate, and thus prolong their career among and for them.

They sojourned nearly one year in Maulmein, in some sense the headquarters of the missionary force, but Mrs. Comstock was not idle there. She worked as her constitution, enfeebled by much sickness, would endure. Returning to Arakan and settling in the more desirable locality of Ramree, and there forming a little church consisting of themselves, Mr. and Mrs. Stilson, and seven native assistants who had accompanied them from Maulmein, they felt that they were especially favored of the Lord.

Little children were now clustering at their knees as a part of their goodly heritage. There were three; a daughter and two sons. Their proper rearing was a matter of the greatest concern, yet the music of their voices and the tread of their little feet in that homeless land was such a relief as saves the heart from giving way. As a mother, Mrs. Comstock knew how to value them. A house of sticks was not "homely" while they were present, nor was an emergency too great for her if their good was involved. Missionary children are a blessing to the cause of missions. They give the right temper to the parents' character—test and confirm their loyalty and intensify their sympathy.

The case of Mrs. Comstock is an illustration. She was mother as well as missionary, and it was her high privilege to show to American women an example of maternal sacrifice and Christly devotion. In settling in Ramree she again opened a school for boys and girls, and carried it on, not as a profession, but as a

necessary channel for her sympathy for a degraded race who needed what she was prepared to give—light, love and liberty in Jesus Christ. Here she gave the more mature years of her career. "The amount of varied labor which she performed was astonishing. She seems to have sustained at one and the same time the capacity not only of housekeeper, wife, mother, and school-teacher, but that of preacher, physician, and nurse"; yes, and of author. Her knowledge of the needs of mothers and the way to meet them, added to her deep sympathy, incited her to write two useful little books; one, "The Mother's Book," the other, a "Scripture Catechism."

Her work enlisted her powers to the utmost and absorbed her sleeping as well as her waking thoughts. She wrote at the time: "I have scarcely leisure to eat or sleep. If I do sleep, I am lecturing to mothers. If I attend meeting, my thoughts are sermonizing instead of *listening* to sermons; if I read my Bible (I look at no other book now), the first thought is, what hint shall I get here for mothers. In fact, it is the all-absorbing subject."

The time came for the mother-love to yield to an over-mastering affection for Jesus Christ. It was not a case of supplanting, for the maternal was really merged in the Christian love and sanctified thereby. Heart, home, and heaven were the strands which composed the threefold cord that drew Mrs. Comstock along in the one path of duty. Either alone might have diverted her from her original purpose—the heart have claimed its own, the home demanded that it continue unbroken, or heaven present itself as a sole

object of individual regard—but the Spirit's sanctifying touch imparted to them a oneness and a divineness that assured a straightforward course in the line of personal sacrifice for the heathen. She had not an hour of regret for her decision to be a missionary, because she could not believe herself mistaken in judgment. Hence the points of sacrifice brought no sting, added no sorrow.

However, sacrificing as a *mother* was an experience on which she did not, could not calculate when leaving America, yet one which surely though gradually came. The duty of removing her children from the moral and atmospheric miasma of Arakan did not admit of a doubt. Mercy to them required it; and mercy admits of no alternative. The conviction came and remained. But there was one question that did admit of discussion, viz.: Should the parents take them to the United States, keep them in one family fold, and attend to their rearing, or should they entrust them to the hands of strangers and give to heathen the time and strength that naturally belong to home? The one course would involve the loss of a much-needed force in the mission field; the other would overrule the parental rights and instincts. The one be natural, the other sacrificial.

This attitude of the missionary between the heathen and the home is a familiar one. It becomes a crucial test of one's calling to be a missionary, in many instances; and the Comstocks were among the earlier of those who passed through it. The manner in which they bore it proved them to be the noblest of the noble. Note the words she uttered:

"As to my own private feelings on this subject,

after long, serious and prayerful consideration, I have come to the conclusion that it is best to send our eldest two to America in the course of another year, should a good opportunity offer. This decision, be assured, has not been gained without many tearful conflicts with maternal affection. You are right when you judge this to be the greatest cross the missionary is called to bear. When we left forever the land of our birth, the home, sweet home of our sunny childhood, and all those beloved friends and relatives who were dearer to us than life, many thought we were making a great sacrifice. So it was. And deep and sincere seemed the sympathy that was evinced on our account. Yet the pangs of that separation are not to be compared with those which must rend that mother's heart who feels compelled to send from her fond embrace those precious little ones to whom she has been the means of giving life—almost in the infancy of their existence, too, with no fixed principles and habits, and without a hope of ever seeing them again in time. This, surely, forms the climax of a missionary's sacrifices. * * * Pray for me; pray for those dear children who are so soon to be orphans, at an age, too, when they most need the watchful care of parental affection. This thought is at times almost too much for my aching, bursting heart to endure. Had not my Savior, yes, and a compassionate Savior, added these two words, 'and children,' to the list of sacrifices for his sake, I might think it more than was required."

The love of Christ for a sinful world, as an example, had been contemplated until it was thoroughly impressed upon her heart. Her mind had been fully

fertilized, and the spirit of true sacrifice was in the fullness of its growth, and was ready to yield its fruit. The Master of the vineyard came, and the fruit was rendered up to him without a murmur. It was the acme of honor; she could do nothing better.

Rev. Eugenio Kincaid was about to return to America for a period, and the children, Lucy and Oliver, were to go with him and under his care. The fond mother improves every means of bestowing upon them a love that needs no further proving. Her deft fingers become more deft, while the heart throbs with quickened emotion. The preparation and packing of their little garments is done in love and in pain alike; the very touch bringing a new sensation, premonitory of a final parting. The evening of embarkation hastens on, O, so rapidly! Let Dr. Kincaid describe the scene, as he does in the album of a friend, embalming it there:

"It was nearly dark when brother and sister Comstock were informed that we must be on board ship that night. It was a trying moment. Mrs. Comstock, taking her two children by the hand, walked with us a few yards. Here, gazing upon their upturned faces for a little time, she impressed upon their cheeks a mother's last kiss, and turning around, raised her hands, uttering in broken accents, 'This I do for Christ! This I do for the heathen!"

Only a seasoning of the heart under the gentle though powerful means of grace can prepare the heart for such a trial and triumph. Mrs. Comstock, yes, both parents were ready. Yet not the least of the hardship was felt as they looked upon the void in their home for days and months thereafter. Some of Mrs.

Comstock's letters evince that peculiar pain that can be borne for Christ only, and make a revealment of domestic feelings from which children far away might well be spared. She has before her the goats, the ducks, the flowers—"all here, but no Lucy and Olly." She goes into their room and finds their little beds—empty. At morning worship she looks around for them in vain. At breakfast she wants to give them coffee, but their chairs are empty. At public worship their places are not occupied. After dinner, no Lucy and Olly to talk with, to recite the Commandments and lessons in the Testament.

Such vacancy may more easily be endured now, since great improvements have diminished time and space, and in the same proportion increased the missionaries' hope of again seeing those from whom they part; but in that period a farewell occasion was akin to a funeral, and in this particular instance it proved to be an adieu forever.

Mrs. Comstock turned with her accustomed zeal to the work upon which her heart had been fixed early and irrevocably. She was only thirty years of age, and though she had been an anxious and dutiful mother for many years, her natural force was not abated, except as the debilitating climate had affected it. The departure of the older children was not a felt release from care, for while her hands may not have seemed so full, her mind was even more occupied than before with the interests centered in them. But as she had surrendered them to and for Christ she must prove her sincerity by an earnest application to the duties of the mission. She said, "I have never before felt so

desirous to do *all* in my power to save souls; I have never felt so much tenderness of heart in telling the heathen of their Savior; I have never, since I have been in this dark land, felt that brokenness of heart, that tenderness of spirit at a throne of grace, *as since I have given up my 'jewels' for Christ's sake.*"

Soon she began to pen letters to her children, such as only a mother can write, and sent them on after them as they voyaged over the main. In these she manifested the ruling passion that caused Ann Hasseltine Judson to utter her last words in the Burman tongue. She wished them to remember the souls among whom they were born, and to whom their parents were giving their lives, and hence sent them each a book which she had written, and urged them to read their Burman Testament every day; adding, "I should be sorry to have you forget Burman. Talk together occasionally in Burman. If you do not like to talk before others, talk together by yourselves."

The time of her continuance in mission work, as hoped for, was much shortened. Though her general health was excellent, she experienced an acute attack of dysentery, so common to resident foreigners, and it bore her away. Native Christians waited at the door to get the news. Mr. Comstock received from her an encouraging word, and rejoiced to bear it to them assembled on the veranda. Hearing her speak, he hastened to her side, and was "just in time to see the shadow of death pass over her countenance, as she sank upon her pillow and peacefully yielded up her spirit."

"Her body," said Mr. Comstock, "was immediately

surrounded by weeping and wailing women, who felt that they had lost a friend. Such was the case, for Mrs. C. truly loved and pitied the women of Arakan, and was never happier than when telling them of the Savior. On the day after her death, as the news spread in the town, men, women and children (more of the last two) began to crowd to my house; and it was estimated that about two thousand were here during the day. Their expressions of attachment to my dear wife, and of sorrow for her loss, were deeply affecting. For example: 'How kindly she always spoke to me when she met me.' 'She always gave us medicine when we were sick.' 'She was truly a good woman.' 'She came here to die, far from her native land, with no mother or sister near her, because she pitied us.' 'Many tears will be shed in Ramree to-day.'"

The dust of this precious mother and missionary was buried on a small hill in front of her desolated home, beneath the tamarind trees, and in the presence of some small idols—gods whose power over some of their votaries her teachings and beautiful life had completely broken.

The day of this sad death, April 28, 1843, was the same as that of the arrival of the children in New York. The mother had lived to pray for them until they had safely crossed the sea; and as their vessel reached Sandy Hook, and a pilot came aboard to conduct it into the harbor, Jesus, the Pilot in Christian song, safely brought her bark to moorage in the Haven of Eternal Rest.

This was only the beginning of sorrows at Ramree. The little brother left behind at the embarkation of

the older children soon followed his mother in the weeping way to the tamarind trees. Then the babe, tenderly mentioned in her last letter to the absent ones, who had never seen it, was added to the number of the dead, and half of the family was in heaven, half on earth. In a little less than a year from Mrs. Comstock's death Mr. Comstock joined the number gone before, and then there was none wearing this honored name in the province of Arakan. It was left to their children in the Lord to keep fresh the memories of their benefactors, and to guard their precious graves.

Mrs. Comstock was thoroughly imbedded in the hearts of the poor Arakanese. She had every quality of the true missionary. With great patience and perseverance she instilled a knowledge of the Savior into their dull and darkened understandings, counting no pains too great for the object to be gained. She would have been glad to have accompanied her husband in his journeys among the villages, but her domestic cares kept her at home. And it was wisely ordered; for she was thus enabled to perform a very important part by doing all classes of missionary service to the many who clustered about her. No opportunity was unimproved, and she became preeminently deserving of the Master's best eulogy upon woman: "She hath done what she could."

Mrs. Comstock still lives in the East, though her heart lies in the dust; and from generation to generation the story of her brief career of pity and love for the poor Arakanese will be related by them. She also lives in the West, where her example of heart-rending sacrifice will continue to inspire her sisters to nobler

doing; and wherever in the world the Gospel shall be preached this will be told as a memorial of her.

Miss Sarah Cummings.

An interesting character, not without the mystery and melancholy sometimes attending a missionary, is that of Sarah Cummings. She was the second contributed by the State of Maine to our foreign mission cause. She was born in North Yarmouth, and went out in 1832, at thirty-eight years of age, and well matured in the gifts and graces of the Christian.

Arriving at Maulmein on the first of January, 1833, she procured a Burman teacher, and at once and earnestly began the study of the language. But hers was a nature requiring active and bold movement. She saw an opportunity to make a decisive stroke for missionary enlargement, and felt that it would be worth its cost.

The year previous Dr. Judson, in his pioneering, had established an out-station at Chummerah, sixty miles above Maulmein, on the Salwen river. It was thriving, as thrift was understood in those days, but was not occupied by a missionary. Miss Cummings fixed her mind upon it, and, after deliberating and receiving approbation from the missionaries, she decided to move to it and learn the language there; hoping that meantime she might do some evangelizing work. Within a few weeks of the time of her arrival in Burma she was off with her teacher for an untried service in an uncultivated field. Three days of rowing or poling brought them to Chummerah.

It was still the "dry season" when she went out,

but the rainy season came and she was taken ill. In accordance with previous advice, she hastened back to Maulmein. Her health improving, she as promptly and hurriedly returned to the wilderness, arriving at her station on the tenth day after her departure from it. The natives were her only traveling companions, as on all occasions, and with them she was out on the river for three stormy nights, but reached her lodging place in safety. It was the rainy season, and she was determined, if it were not presumptuous, to live through it there—at Chummerah.

After three months, when the rains began to abate and the sun again shone upon the earth, causing rapid evaporation of the water and effluvium from the putrefying substances lying everywhere, pestilence was visited upon the people most widely and destructively. Miss Cummings withstood the influence quite well, but her Burman teacher was suddenly stricken with the jungle fever and by it speedily rendered helpless. The Karens knowing no more about nursing than about the fine arts, she decided that the better part of valor now was to retreat to Maulmein. And under her superintendence the mission-boat was loaded amid torrents of rain, and on the high water and swift current the party of ten or twelve—the sick man being given the best place—dropped rapidly down the stream, and at night was safely moored in the harbor of Maulmein.

Here Miss Cummings remained for about three months, when again she ascended the river to Chummerah and there pursued her work as best she could while yet unacquainted with the Burmese tongue, studying, rendering medical aid, looking after

the school and a multitude of petty concerns—best of all, shedding upon those needy and receptive creatures the benign influences of her Christian character. At the end of her first year in Burma she wrote the Corresponding Secretary, modestly and meekly:

"The story of self has been short. I have encountered no great hardships, have achieved no wonders, and have been promoted to no worldly honors. Crosses, self-denials, sufferings, trials—none have I to mention worthy the name. The evils I anticipated have not yet been realized, and a year happier than has been the past have I never seen."

A number of baptisms had taken place during the year, and the church was at this time composed of about one hundred and forty Karens. The school contained twenty-four pupils. The membership of the church, unprecedentedly large for the time it had been organized, was made up mostly of Karens who had been scattered through the jungle and had settled here as a Christian village.

Miss Cummings continued in her loved employ and chosen location for a year and a half, and then returned to Maulmein—to die. Her brief career was one of singular self-sacrifice. Its brevity has compensation in the high-born ambition and supreme devotion to the noblest of purposes, which excited to activity all the powers of her body and mind, and which must have stirred into life many a sleeping Christian, and will do more of this much-needed service as these pages are read. At a distance of sixty miles from the nearest habitation of civilized man, and even before she could converse with the people about her, she discovered and

employed means of communication with the natives through which she was able to convey to them the words of eternal life and impart energy and order to all the operations of the station. To have no human associate drives one to make companionship with spiders and bats. To have no missionary associate in a heathen land well-nigh drives one to distraction; it is the hardest of experiences and requires great natures for its endurance.

Miss Cummings performed the part of a Gospel heroine, and "finished her course," short though it was. After her death the Christians at Chummerah had no teacher except natives, for a long time; and after two years, in 1836, "in accordance with the habits of their race, they abandoned the town and scattered themselves among the villages of the district, settling principally at the village of Ko Chet-thing; where they have continued to reside with greater contentment and more gratifying social improvement."

Such a dissolution is not necessarily a loss to the cause nor to the individual members, but only to the community left; and among the Karens a church oft-times constitutes the entire community. Dr. Vinton, with Dr. Mason, visited Chummerah in 1837, "hoping to find," he wrote, "some to whom we might proclaim the Gospel message. But Chummerah is without an inhabitant. * * * Sister Cummings did not labor in vain. Though short her stay in this dark heathen land, yet some who, but for her, would have lost their souls are now her crown, and she has, ere this, offered them up to God, as the first fruits of those saved through her instrumentality." He might have said,

also, that ere called away they filled out their mission in giving light to the several localities whither they went. The candlestick is often removed, but the candle is not extinguished; it burns on till it accomplishes its mission and then is no more in this world.

It was a favoring circumstance that Miss Cummings was permitted to die in the home and under the care of Dr. Nathan Brown, then living at Maulmein, who gave a well-deserved tribute to her memory. She did not keep a journal nor did she leave so much as a scrap of her composition on any subject; but simply a tabulated memorandum, like a counting-house almanac. Appended to this, for 1834, was the following striking note, dated January 2:

Thus have I completed an almanac for 1834. I have written it with the impression that some of the blank lines *may* be filled up with the record of my own death. If any, which I can not tell, Lord Jesus, prepare me for thy coming! A vile sinner I cleave to thy cross, and implore pardon through the merits of thy death. That I have lived no more to thee is my pain, my grief. Thou hast by thy good providence led me into this wilderness, and here hast thou oftentimes spoken comfortably to me. I bless and adore thee for thy great goodness. Who of all thy daughters is more highly favored! And now, Lord, come unto me, and make thine abode with me. Without thee, I am a lonely being indeed; but with thee, no one less so. Thou art my only hope, my only inheritance, my God, my all."

She died at Maulmein, Burma, August 2, 1834, aged forty, after having been two years under appointment. She did what she could.

We think of thee, lonely no more forever,
And tasting, while the eternal years unroll,
That joy of heaven, which like a flowing river
Satisfies every soul.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Miss Eleanor Macomber.

This lady was a cotemporary of Miss Cummings, with a more varied and extended missionary experience. A native of Lake Pleasant, Hamilton County, N. Y., and for a period a resident of Albany, she was not without access to means of culture nor ignorant of the delights and helps of civilized life.

She had almost reached her thirtieth year when a sphere of usefulness was opened to her that claimed great fortitude, consecration, and powers of endurance. A mission to the Ojibwas, or Chippeways, at Sault de Ste Marie, Michigan, had been undertaken and she was designated as one of two assistants or teachers. After about four years of faithful service she was obliged to sever her relation to the mission on account of failing health.

Still, with a high and well-formed purpose of good toward the degraded, without respect to race, she accepted an appointment as missionary to the East. She was one of the numerous and noble company that sailed in the *Louvre* September 22, 1835, consisting of Messrs. Ingalls, Haswell, Reed, Day, Shuck, and Davenport (last two from Virginia), and their wives, together with two missionaries and their wives, connected with the Orissa Mission (General Bap. For. Miss. Soc'y), and Messrs. E. L. Abbott and Howard Malcom; the latter, commissioner of the Board. Such

an army in its day boded destruction to idols; but, O, the numbers and strength of those joined to them!

The *Louvre* reached Maulmein on February 21, 1836. Before the close of the year Miss Macomber was ready for her station among the Pwo Karens—Dong-Yahn. It was about thirty-five miles from Maulmein and ten from the Salwen river, and its inhabitants were exceedingly repulsive and wicked; were the slaves of intemperance and all the disgusting vices of heathenism. "With two or three assistants," says the report, "she immediately commenced a course of religious instruction. Morning and evening worship was instituted; four or five religious exercises were held on the Sabbath, besides daily preaching during the week; and numerous excursions were made into the neighboring villages. A school was also taught, composed of ten or twelve pupils. The Holy Spirit was poured out, and within about three months ten gave good evidence of a gracious change and were added to the church."

Miss Macomber's situation resembled that of Miss Cummings. She made up for her deprivation of cultivated society by becoming increasingly engaged in her work; thus forming a strong attachment for the native disciples. She had their confidence and the fullest command of the details of the work. The rainy season, from May to September, she spent at Maulmein, and the native helpers sustained the interests of the mission, under her direction, so that on returning she found things in a satisfactory state. Her power in the region was indicated by the disposition of the enemy to use violence. Attempts were made to burn the

mission premises but without success. God cared for his sheep in the wilderness, and wonders were wrought by their hands at various places.

At the end of the second year Miss Macomber recorded her rejoicing at what she had witnessed of the power of divine grace amongst the heathen. There were then twenty-three native Christians at Dong-Yahn. Mr. Brayton settled there temporarily, and he and other brethren did the baptizing. Ultimately, Rev. E. A. Stevens, D. D., became pastor of the church.

Another year and some months were allotted to her to finish her work on earth, when she was not, for God took her. On the 11th of April, 1840, she gave her last message to her friends: "Tell them," said she, "I am not sorry that I came to this country, or that I came alone. I have suffered for nothing which they could have supplied me with. I have found kind friends to take care of me. When I think of the dear Karen disciples I feel for them, and would be willing to stay with them a little longer; but if it is the Lord's will that I should leave them I have nothing to say." On the 16th she appeared to be anxious to die, and was heard to pray: "O, my Master, take me to thyself this day." He took her, as she wished. She entered into unmingled and unending joy, leaving the native Christians overwhelmed with grief.

"Dong-Yahn, by the instrumentality of this indefatigable lady, soon became the seat of a flourishing station, and the center of religious light and knowledge to a wide region crowded with benighted Karens. Her influence upon her own sex was very extraordinary, and its results were visible in numerous dwell-

ings among the villages of the jungle. She died just as the fruits of her labors were beginning to adorn and cheer the secluded spot which she had chosen for cultivation—leaving a name and a memory which will long be gratefully cherished by the rude dwellers in the wilderness whom she was the first to instruct in the Gospel of Christ."—(*Prof. Gammell.*)

ELISHA L. ABBOTT.

VI.

Elisha L. Abbott—*EAGER FOR ACTION, GOES TO THE KARENS; STIRRING UP SATAN; CRUELTIES TO DISCIPLES; BOOKS, BOOKS!*

When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another
CHRIST.

THE Arakan mission was favored with strong characters. One of the most striking of these was Elisha L. Abbott, who appeared at a time when such a man was needed. He was suited also to the circumstances into which he was brought and to which he proved equal.

Mr. Abbott was born at Cazenovia, N. Y., October 23, 1809. Though his childhood and youth are not revealed to our view, yet it is evident that the vivacity, originality and force of his matured character were but developed elements that were foreshown in his boyhood. His aspiring disposition led him to seek such a mental equipment as circumstances afforded, while his ardent temperament may have interfered with the dictates of his judgment and thus prevented a full preparation. Such young men are prone to make haste to enter the field of conflict. He entered the institution at Hamilton, but pursued his studies only to the end of the Sophomore year, August 1835, when he was appointed a missionary to the

Telinga people—the Telugus. Probably he was one of those who, mistakenly, do not stop to acquire the whole armor, because of the emergency of the war; because of souls going in great multitudes to a dreadful doom, with none to warn or rescue. Time is a factor of vast significance in all their planning.

On the 22nd of September, 1835, six weeks after his appointment, he sailed from Boston and arrived in Calcutta in February, 1836. Dr. Howard Malcom, authorized to visit the missions, and a large number of missionaries sailed with him. On arriving in Calcutta it seemed good to the brethren that Rev. S. S. Day, one of the company, should commence the Telugu mission, and Mr. Abbott go onward to the Karens. It is stated that a conference of brethren held at Maulmein gave this decision. Possibly the informal judgment was formally ratified at the latter place. Mr. Day went to his unyielding field, reenforced after twelve years by Rev. Lyman Jewett; and the rest of the story is well known. At this high noon of that favored field let the reader consider that its fertilizing and seeding-time had not passed, and that Mr. Abbott's feet were turned to a people who were ready for such a reaper as he.

"His first residence was on Balu island, opposite Maulmein, which at that time had a population of 10,000 Karens. This station was in a few months relinquished on account of its insalubrity, and Mr. Abbott removed to Rangoon in April, 1837." At this time he was married to Miss Ann P. Gardner, who came out with the Wades on their return voyage; a lady well qualified mentally, and also endowed with elements of character admirably fitting her for her new sphere.

Not long had they been at Rangoon ere a new impulse was given to the work of the Lord among the Karens, begun in the time of Boardman, A. D. 1828. Three Karens came three days' journey for the purpose of being baptized; a circumstance calculated to kindle the enthusiasm of any missionary at that day, and which fanned the fire in Abbott's bones to a consuming flame. In a short period nearly forty more, living in the surrounding region, were reported to have become hopefully pious.

The records state: "At the close of the year 1837 he made excursions to Maubee and Pantanau, baptizing sixty-seven and administering the Lord's Supper to one hundred and fifty, preaching and teaching, and finding everywhere a people prepared of the Lord. Although no regular schools were established, several hundreds learned to read at their own homes. Many of the more promising young men received from him such instruction in religious things as was suited to prepare them to be useful among their own countrymen. He labored now in the jungle and now in the city; at one time in Maulmein and at another in Rangoon, stimulated by the rare success of the Gospel among the Karens and encouraged by the manifest divine blessing which attended all the works of his hands. He wrought on, the Lord working with him and confirming the word with signs following."—(*Miss. Mag.*, March, 1855.)

But circumstances were combining to produce a change of base from Burma to Arakan. At the close of the first Burmese war with England, beginning in 1824, the division of Arakan was ceded to "The Hon-

orable East India Company." And this Company, now having complete control of the province, had become friendly to missionary enterprises. Its exasperation toward the Burmans and the manifest benefits of missions caused it to protect the missionaries, and offer a refuge to all natives, wherever found, who were persecuted on account of having espoused the Christian religion. It had the necessary power, and in the exercise of it the wrath and wickedness of the Burmese rulers brought impoverishment upon their own country—the loss of its best citizens.

For twenty-five years Burma had been the seat of the mission work of American Baptists in the East—the earliest chosen and the most tenaciously held; it might be said, lovingly held, for the suffering endured in introducing the Gospel to that dark empire had produced a remarkable attachment to it on the part of the missionaries there and their supporters on this side of the sea. Various and many were the vicissitudes through which the mission had passed, causing cessation of work at times, and shiftings from place to place in the hope of better success. The fewness of the laborers necessitated loss of harvests, since moving from one side of the field to another under pressure of circumstances made deplorable vacancies at important times. Yet Burma was not abandoned then, as it has not been at any time since first entered. It only was compelled to wait.

Mr. Abbott had been in Burma but three or four years, yet he had made a deep impression upon vast numbers. Of him it might be said "he could not be hid." His influence for Christianity was felt among

the mountains and in the hamlets of the empire, and was awakening the wrath of the king. And this was a serious matter. A Burman monarch was not a man to be reasoned with. Hardly could he have been classed as a "rational animal." Submission to him for torture or for death, for the Gospel's sake, could scarcely have been called martyrdom unless succumbing to a wild beast were that virtue. An escape at any cost was the better valor, and life was too precious to be lost by such hands. Mr. Abbott valued his calling too highly to be willing to sacrifice it for the sake of a location, and he decided to shake off the dust of his feet upon the jealous sovereign, and labor temporarily where there was freedom for him. He was not a coward but a man of courage, tempered with prudence in war.

Persecutions increased. The jealousy of the government toward all English residents of the country was intensely cruel. The Burmans, it was said, would not distinguish between an Englishman and an American. Said Mr. Abbott, "They say we dress alike, look alike, talk alike, are alike." And they felt that they had abundant occasion to resist encroachment by white-faced people in its every form. Being more sensitive on the religious side than on any other, and the time under notice being peculiarly critical, the Burman government became a very dangerous foe to the missionaries; the more so because the Karens were its subjects, practically and through coercion, and any change in them that might in the least tend to alienate them and their means from its tyranical grasp, was not for a moment to be admitted. They

were forbidden to learn to read or to receive books. And although no regular schools were established during this critical period, yet several hundreds learned to read at their own homes when no Burman was near to report them to the rulers.

The Karen Christians did not possess the discretion characteristic of true valor, and having found the "one thing needful" they were determined to enjoy it at any hazard. They were ready to go into the thickest of dangers to spread the Gospel, saying, "If they persecute, let them persecute." Mr. Abbott with all his intrepidity was cautious. He intended to push the work, but to evade the enemy when it had the advantage of him.

North of Rangoon about forty miles was a cluster of villages called Maubee. There and in the vicinity dwelt a large number of Christians, filled with Mr. Abbott's zeal. Leaving Rangoon he went to them, determined to carry on the work of evangelism in some effective way throughout the country. It was early in the year 1838, and while the language was still but partially learned. He first visited Ponau, one of the cluster, and spent the first day in a quiet way, fearing to assemble them for worship before evening, as the Burmans were constantly passing and trading in the village during the day.

Early on the second day he went over the plain west, eight miles, to Raytho, the central one of the cluster, where the Christians were expecting him; many desiring baptism. Spent the day in examining the candidates, and at evening there was a large concourse from neighboring villages. The examination

was not concluded until ten at night, when all repaired to a small lake in the vicinity to observe the ordinance. Mr. Abbott, who was now beginning his distinguished career, in which night-work formed a considerable part, wrote of this occasion, at the time, as follows: "The multitude assembled on its beautiful banks—the full moon arose in a cloudless sky—nature was silent—we bowed and prayed—and God was there. I then baptized thirty-seven, who had been received by the church. After this we again assembled and I administered the sacrament of the Supper to more than a hundred disciples of my Master. I returned on the next day to Ponau, and sent word to all near to come in at evening. The people began to collect at sunset in such numbers that we soon perceived no house in the village would contain the congregation. We consequently assembled in the open field, as we had also the preceding evening. The examination of candidates continued till eleven o'clock, after which I baptized thirty, and administered the sacrament to a hundred and fifty. At half past twelve A. M. I bade adieu to these precious disciples of Christ, and started for Rangoon, where I arrived at six in the evening."

Such activity and success brought Mr. Abbott into notice, and the whole movement under sharp surveillance. The woondouk of Rangoon was "not only monarch over a large tract of territory, but a bigoted Buddhist, and capable of deeds at which humanity turns pale; actuated withal by a burning hatred to all foreigners, especially those who intermeddled with the political and religious affairs of the kingdom." This was understood by Mr. Abbott, who continued his

residence in Rangoon, the headquarters of the woondouk. He, however, sent out assistants to teach and preach. The relation of some circumstances that occurred at this time will reveal the state of affairs, both heathen and Christian.

The assistants, like the disciples sent out in Christ's time, returned with good news as to the conquests of the Gospel. But there was an accuser to vex the souls of the saints, an old Karen persecutor who entered a formal complaint to government against the Maubee Christians. At first he seemed to make but a slight impression, but by his persistence he brought them into serious difficulty. While they did not dare to be seen in the city or at the mission house, three Christian chiefs came in from the Maubee jungles to report the state of affairs. The woondouk suspected the motives and honesty of the accuser, Chau Me Po, but he ordered the Christian chiefs to return to their homes and obtain the names of all who had taken religious books, or embraced the religion of the "white foreigner."

They returned and reported in a few days, first to some of the under officers and afterward to the woondouk, both of whom treated them and their list with contempt. They expected prison and irons at once, and not until a few days had passed did they learn the reason they were not imprisoned. The woondouk contemplated something more gratifying to himself, as he explained to his wife, viz.: to thrust a small hollow stick down their throats, fill it with powder and blow them to atoms. His wife caused him to desist such inhuman treatment, and instead he determined to com-

pel them to pay two hundred rupees as a condition of release. Then there was rest—for a little while.

Mr. Abbott was much encouraged at this time by the conversion of a young chief of Bassein, of superior talents and extensive influence, who heard the Gospel for the first time on his visit to that region some time previous. This chief came down to Rangoon, with nine other young men who had been converted through his instrumentality, for the purpose of being himself baptized and of getting a supply of books. He was very anxious for both. Mr. Abbott baptized him very early in the morning, after which he departed for his native wilds, rejoicing, leaving eight of the young men to be instructed. The mission premises overflowed with students and several were sent to the jungles to be instructed by one of the assistants.

The converts were eager for books, *books!* The young chief said he must have one for each of those who had learned to read and who worshiped God—a thousand books! The effort to secure them brought some of these Karens into great trouble. Six of the number who had come for them, from Bassein and Pantanau, concealed several books in a small covered basket, under their arm, and went out to sleep in their boat, some distance away, preparatory to leaving the next morning. Others took their basket of books and started to carry them out of the city gates, designing to return for the night and take them as they passed along in the morning. One of these was asked by the gate-keeper what he had in his basket. "Sugar," was the evasive reply, though the basket did contain some sugar as well as many books. The gate-keeper, prob-

ably suspecting that he was a Karen Christian, insisted on seeing for himself; and on finding Karen books he took the owner before a petty officer for examination. Other Karens were terrified and brought the news to Mr. Abbott. A Bengalee Christian, to whose house the Karen was taking the books, hearing of the occurrence, proposed to do the dangerous thing of going before the officer to claim for the Karens the privilege of carrying books, as enjoyed by the Burmans. Two young students went with him as guides, but were discovered and arrested. The Bengalee returned but did not mention the arrest; instead, he stated that the Burman officer had declared that if the Karen chief would come and own the prisoner as his follower, he would release him. The chief, with an anxiety that indicated a knowledge of the treacherous Burman character, inquired "What shall I do?" Mr. Abbott, not yet familiar with all the wiles of his adversary, unhesitatingly told him to go and demand his follower. The advice, however well intended, proved to be quite unfortunate; for on going to the officer he was seized.

Thus four of them were apprehended and brought before some of the principal officers and closely questioned as to their names, parentage, their errand in the city, how many had learned to read and become the disciples of the "foreigner." Everything calculated to expose Mr. Abbott was extorted from them and recorded in the "black book." They were then manacled with double irons and thrust into the common prison, with thieves, robbers and murderers, their clothing taken away and a bit of old cloth given them to tie about the loins. Mr. Abbott learned through a

native, a British subject whom they dared not molest, and whom he had sent to the prison to obtain information, that the poor disciples were loaded with iron fetters, their feet elevated about two feet, and made fast in the stocks, their hands drawn back over the head and upward at the same time, and made fast also, their hips alone resting on the floor. They said, however, that this painful position was easy to be endured, compared to the suffering experienced from the swarms of mosquitoes that preyed all night upon their naked bodies.

It was the full intent of the Burman government to stop the circulation of books and the spread of Christianity. A threat of execution of the prisoners was put in circulation; then a report that a present of a large sum of money, a prime object with the Burmans on all occasions, would be accepted instead. Mr. Abbott knew it would come to this. He had sent Taunah, the messenger mentioned above, to offer a present to the jailer, in hope that he would grant the disciples a little rest. It was accepted and one hand and one foot of each prisoner was liberated. The next morning the Karen students quietly passed out of the city gates, unobserved, and went to the jungles. Six others who came down with the young chief still remained; one of them a brother, who could not leave his brother in irons and carry the news to his parents, and wife and children. Indeed, his return was not likely to be a matter of choice, as Burman officers were hanging about the house of the missionary, looking in at the doors and windows to see if there was a chance of capturing another Karen.

Taunah visited the prisoners again on the following day, taking to them some comforts; for all prisoners were compelled to beg or starve. They told Taunah to "tell the teacher and teacheress that they need have no more anxiety on their account; that they had been praying ever since they had been in prison, and that although they were very fearful and sad when first apprehended, they are now happy, since God had answered their prayers."

The interpreter to the British Resident had an interview with his majesty, the woondouk, and extorted a promise that the prisoners should be released. Next day they were sent out to the great pagoda, Shway Da Gong, and offered as a sacrifice to the gods; not killed, but, with limbs still fettered, compelled to do service of a degrading nature to the great shrine, such as pulling up the grass on the large plat of ground surrounding it. This was a degradation to which none but the most abandoned outcasts were subjected, and frequently it was a commutation of a sentence of execution for murder, entailing on them and their kindred and posterity forever the name of "slaves of the gods." The disciples were compelled to beg their rice from day to day, and were under the charge of a wretch known as the "leper governor." The thousands who flocked to the great pagoda, on seeing them in irons and pulling grass, supposed them to be guilty of some dreadful crime.

Taunah visited them and learned from their lips that they cared little or nothing for their bodily sufferings, but disliked to honor the Burman religion by submitting to the menial servitude to which they were

doomed. Mr. Abbott at first did not deem it wise to communicate with the prisoners when passing the pagoda, and they entertained the same feeling. But after a few days, and when but few individuals were near, he ventured to converse a few moments with them. One of them remarked that when tempted by an implied offer of release to "never again worship the 'foreigners' god,'" he replied, "I told him if we were released we should always worship God, and with more zeal than ever."

The woondouk was plagued by his own game. He sent them out to the pagoda to please his wife, and as an offering with which he supposed the gods would be pleased, and to withdraw the sacrifice would have been sacrilege. So he could not execute them as he wished to do; and such was his vexation, he publicly declared that if any man mentioned the Karen affair to him he would cut off his head. They expressed a conviction that they would never be released, yet they were found uniformly rejoicing in God.

Mr. Abbott visited them occasionally, but could not give them money, except in a furtive manner, and they feared to receive it. He made one fruitless attempt to redeem them with money, and felt compelled to send word to the Christian chiefs in the jungles not to come to town, nor to petition the woondouk, or otherwise undertake to redeem their brethren. But there was one person who could appeal to his fears—the interpreter, Mr. Edwards—and he obtained a promise from him that he dare not break, even though it should compromise him with the gods, that they should be released. After some evading and disappointing, in

hope of finally extorting a large sum of money, he let them go, and "they went unto their own company," as did those before them in the early church. Mr. Abbott finding them at Mr. Edwards' house took them to his own home, gave them a bath and clean clothes, and all praised God together.

The love of books, so prevalent among the ignorant Karens, was still the supreme motive in the hearts of these liberated Christians. The "young chief," especially, had less joy over his emancipation than grief on account of the danger of carrying away books. He could be reconciled to the loss of the good garments the Burmans had taken from him more easily than to their robbing him of those books. He had come on purpose to get books for those about Bassein who could read, and he must return without *one!*

Mr. Abbott saw that the sooner the young chief left the better, and he procured a pass for him, after some trouble. He begged for so many books as he might be able to conceal about his person; but Mr. Abbott admonished him that should he be caught again with books he would lose his head. "Should so much the sooner get to heaven," was his reply; and all departed with a request that they might be remembered in prayer.

In a few days the Karens in small numbers began to come in from the Christian villages, in spite of all admonition. They also begged for books, or for a few small tracts, but Mr. Abbott feared on their account to allow a single book to go out of the city gates. At sunset, one day, they were missing and great anxiety was felt in reference to them. Late in the even-

ing they came in with smiling countenances. They had taken a quantity of books and, passing out of the gates undetected, had concealed them at "John's house." And the next morning they left, got their books, and went away without molestation.

A little later, word came to Rangoon that an assistant in the region of Bassein and three young men who had joined him there were in the stocks. In their zeal they went out on a preaching excursion, and stopping one evening at a large village they assembled the people and declared unto them Jesus, to a late hour of the night. An officer was near by, and they were warned of their peril; but they felt that they were obeying God in worshiping him and were willing to incur the risk. The next morning, before they had time to get away, they and several who had listened to them the preceding evening were seized and beaten, and were cast into the stocks and reserved for threatened torture. In a short time they were liberated, after the officers had extorted from the Christians one hundred and fifty rupees; the sum being made up by voluntary contributions ranging from one anna (2½ cents) to one rupee. The assistant being asked how he felt while being beaten, replied, "Prayed for them—I told them they might beat me to death, if they wished, but they would not make me angry, and that I should live again at the resurrection. When they heard this they laughed, and after beating me a little, stopped."

The above took place while as yet only one baptism had occurred in all the region of the young chief. The assistant went right on preaching, though in villages

a little more remote from the Burmans; and the work of the Lord, as recounted by him, surpassed every thing then known among heathen nations. The church stood firm amid storms, threatenings, oppressions and persecutions. The coolness and reserve of Mr. Abbott, considering his inflammable nature, were something to occasion wonder, and were of vast importance to the imperiled cause. He apprehended war between the governments of Burma and England, and great suffering to the Karens in consequence, especially as the country would then swarm with banditti, and the Karens, as usual, become prey to the Burmese.

A turning point in Mr. Abbott's career was now reached; also a most important juncture in missionary affairs. The Lord was about to make the wrath of the Burmans praise Him, through other means than oppression and imprisonment. He was to take away the apostle who had been a light among them, and to bestow the gift upon a people glad to receive it; not finally or forever, for he would return to their land whenever the way should be opened. Within the confines of Burma Proper, that haughty and desperate people were not only ready to strike down the pale face, but likewise determined to prevent the adoption of the foreigner's religion—to extinguish it by taking the lives of those who should profess it.

The Karens were the supreme object of their contempt, first, because they had suffered themselves to be enslaved by them, though more numerous than the oppressors, and, secondly, because they were so ready to abandon the national religion and receive that of the foreigners. They had no rights which the Bur-

mans felt bound to respect. Still, on their own part, they cherished that inherent sense of right to choose God, and to worship Him that belongs to man everywhere, and which, when developed, will carry one through experiences from which for any other cause he would shrink. So, when warned of their peril on account of the new religion they coolly declared, in the simplicity of their hearts, and with unshaken purpose, "If they persecute, let them persecute."

Mr. Abbott could evangelize through these brave disciples to some extent, but he would not urge them into the lion's mouth. He had suffered them to go and labor in sections distant from the seat of power and persecution, while he did not think it wise to follow, nor longer to encourage them to expose themselves to prison and to death. The signal was given for a general flight to safer territory—to Arakan.

A change of field and a period of new activities resulted from the trials thus endured. The mission in Arakan had passed through a five years' history, including vicissitudes of a serious nature in which the question of abandonment was kept alive. And now the persecution and scattering of the disciples in Burma Proper was likely to turn out for the furtherance of the Gospel through that mission. Early in 1840 Mr. Abbott and Dr. Kincaid entered the province with their armor on. Better selection of men could not have been made for the occasion. And thus, with Messrs. Comstock and Stilson in Ramree, at opposite ends of the town, Dr. Kincaid at Akyab, and Mr. Abbott at Sandoway, it would seem that the very time of that land had come.

Mr. Abbott was a general, and he was likewise his own sentinel. His heart was upon Burma, the field he had entered for conquest to Christ, and his change of base in no degree diminished his first determination. Just beyond the mountains, east, were multitudes of Karens, anxious for books and thirsting for the water of life, with many among them already enjoying the hope of the Gospel. To watch over the converts with true pastoral fidelity was a prominent aim, and he at once opened communication with them. He sent two of the assistants who had accompanied him to Sandoway—two of the four who had been imprisoned and sent to the pagoda as slaves, at Rangoon, two years before—to notify the Karens as to his location and to invite them, and especially the young men who had studied with him at Rangoon, to visit him. "The spirit of inquiry had been deeply awakened in preceding years, and the tidings that the teacher was again within their reach were borne from village to village, and were everywhere received with enthusiasm. The mountain passes between the two countries, four in all, were guarded by jealous Burmans; yet, in contempt of watchful rulers, and in spite of all barriers, large companies of Karens found their way to the missionary, some asking for baptism, others seeking books for their countrymen at home, and others still desiring to remain and study under the direction of Mr. Abbott."—(*Prof. Gammell.*)

VII.

Elisha L. Abbott—*SANDOWAY; SPONTANEOUS FOLLOWING; NIGHT-WORK; ROUGHING IT.*

> One storm blows the night this way,
> But another brings the day.
>
> ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

SANDOWAY appears constantly in the subsequent history of missions, to the present day. At the time Mr. Abbott entered it as a seat of missionary operations he wrote as follows: "Sandoway is a small Burman town, fifty miles south of Ramree, situated inland, up a small river, about fourteen miles from the sea shore, as the river runs, and five in a direct course. The climate is reputed healthy, and from its locality, I should judge, would sustain its reputation. There are in the town and immediate vicinity about four thousand inhabitants. * * * There is this weighty consideration, however, that dreadful 'Arakan fever,' which renders it hazardous to travel in the jungles at all."

The prospect at first was gloomy. Mr. Abbott did not find the people upon whose salvation his heart was set—the Karens. They were east of the Yoma mountains or in distant villages. With zeal aflame he went abroad in search of them. In the second month after arriving, those beyond the mountains for whom he had sent began to come in by companies, some of them

being ten days or more on the way, traveling by day and sleeping in the jungle by night. Some desired baptism; others, books; others, still, wished to remain and study. Very soon a baptismal scene occurred. There were twelve subjects, all of whom gave good evidence of a change of heart and life, and had testified to their sincerity by a year of waiting and by taking a long journey in order to obey the command of their Lord. "We assembled," said Mr. Abbott, "by the side of a beautiful stream running before my door, just before the setting of the sun. The scene was one of solemn and delightful interest."

The migration from the east continued, embracing the several classes named, and bringing the student class to be cared for and instructed. In time the accommodations for the latter were insufficient, partly because of sickness and the necessity for using them as a hospital. The change of climate in going from Burma to Arakan, with the effects of the long journey in the hot season, sleeping in the jungle at night and traveling in the heat of the day, seemed to be the cause of a great many cases of fever. Some in journeying sank by the way and were carried on the shoulders of the strong to a Christian village. Others having fainted were left in the rear to follow as they might be able; while of fifty or more who started in one company, nearly one half failed in two or three days and returned. These circumstances furnished more satisfactory comment on the climate than the experiences of resident foreigners. If native Asiatics could not endure it, how could Americans?

The natural features of Arakan are thus described

by Mr. Abbott: "The coast presents one continued succession of broken, irregular hills, covered with jungle—apparently one vast howling wilderness—the Arakan mountains far away in the distance, rearing their majestic heads above the dense masses of clouds which hang around their base. There are villages along the coast, but they are 'few and far between,' situated on the small streams which flow from the mountains, and being surrounded by trees and shrubbery can not be seen from the sea. In many places the hills extend quite down to the shore, and not unfrequently high rocky points project into the sea a mile or more, rendering the navigation of the coast dangerous in the extreme. Where the coast is level it is mostly covered with groves of mango trees, and at high tides with salt water; and from these marshes, which, in fact, cover a great part of the level lands of Arakan lying on the coast and large rivers, arises a miasma impregnated with fever, and cholera, and death."

In December, 1840, and January, 1841, Mr. Abbott made a tour among the Karens which was highly successful. He occupied the time on the eastern frontier of the province, where he was in constant communication with the Karen Christians who were scattered through Burma, hiding from their oppressors. Their situation was distressful. The officers searched among both Karens and Burmans for Christian books, and those found were collected and burned in the streets. Those living about Bassein had extraordinary trials. Many "Christian chiefs" (magistrates in their respective villages) were imprisoned and fined for embracing the religion of Jesus and learning to read the "white

book." The fines were heavy, yet they deemed them a light oppression, since the people of their jurisdictions cheerfully raised the several amounts by voluntary contributions. Refusal to pay would have brought the most serious consequences—tortures and death. Mr. Abbott received the afflictions of the beloved disciples with great heaviness of heart; the smiting of the sheep was the smiting of the shepherd.

One Sabbath morning an earnest disciple, Shway Meing, came to Mr. Abbott from the east, after wandering about in the jungles for eleven days to compass a distance that might have been made in four in a direct course. He had reason to feel terror, as he was a prominent character, and a Burman officer was in pursuit of him. He had placed his family with a brother, and his friends had pulled down his house as a "blind" to the pursuers, who, observing the demolition, relinquished the chase. He encountered the peril in order that, as he explained, he might "see the teacher's face, hear his voice, and go home and die."

Numbers applied for baptism, all of whom submitted to the most rigid tests. As the year 1841 opened, Mr. Abbott entered the following in his journal: "It has fallen to my lot to baptize more than four hundred Karens since I have been in the land, but never have I enjoyed so delightful and satisfactory baptismal seasons as during the last few days. Our Jordan, a small stream running down from the mountains, overlooked by scenery wild and beautiful—the congregations attentive, solemn, and joyful—the dense forests resounding with songs of praise from a hundred happy converts, plighting to heaven their baptismal vows—an emblematical

grave giving up its dead to 'newness of life'—the presence of the Lamb of God hallowing the scene and setting upon the observance of his own institution the seal of divine love!"

The night-work in Mr. Abbott's missionary career was one of its most noticeable features. Much service of various kinds was performed in the night, and also much traveling. Shelter from the sun; hastening on the evangelization of the natives; avoidance of the enemy—each may have led to this course, yet the demands made upon him by the awakened, who traced him wherever he went, must have been the principal occasion. Thus, when this tour was near its completion, and he was turning his face back toward Sandoway, he learned anew the pressing nature of the work as he had organized it. He had a solemn farewell service with the disciples who were to return to Bassein, not knowing the things that should befall them there, and then he went out to the vessel by a small canoe, all the assistants and many others "accompanying him to the ship." When they had left he retired to his berth fatigued and exhausted. His journal runs:

At a few minutes past nine o'clock we heard Karen voices on the opposite shore. I went on deck and found that they had come a long distance to see me and be baptized; hoping to reach the place before I left. The first question was, Where and how shall we meet? My schooner was anchored in the middle of the stream and without a boat. There was not a house or shelter of any description, or even a canoe on the bank where they were; and the Burman village on the other side was some distance inland. The Karens called many times to the villagers to come with

a boat and take them across, but called in vain, as no answer was heard. With the flint and steel (a universal appendage of these children of the forest) they struck a fire, concluding to sleep on the sand and return in the morning unbaptized, after all their efforts, and after having been so near the teacher as to hear his voice. Mothers with infant children were in the company. But Providence favored them. After an hour or more, two women were seen on the opposite shore, to whom we called for aid. They launched a small canoe, and one on each end with their paddles rowed across the river, and taking the Karens two or three at a time, finally ferried them all over; then came to the vessel and took me ashore. We walked two miles to a small Karen village and found the assistants engaged in a prayer-meeting. I made inquiry relative to those who had come to be baptized, and as several of the assistants were acquainted with them, and all agreed in receiving them, I baptized fifteen in a small stream near the village. As there was a full moon and a clear sky we needed not the light of the sun. After commending them all to God, I left them some time after midnight and returned to my vessel.

In attempting to return to Sandoway by sea, Mr. Abbott had experiences similar to those narrated of other missionaries: Was overtaken by a gale and compelled to put back; Karen boys who were going with him to Sandoway to study, very seasick; in great peril. Finding themselves where they were two days before, and anchoring, he and the boys determined to try *terra firma*. Hiring a little lame pony and saddling it "with something like my old grandmother's 'pinion,'" he wrote, "my bridle a very good string," the line of march was taken up "single file," making a gro-

tesque appearance. Spent one Sabbath on the journey at a small village, and there baptized. Rose and resumed the journey at three o'clock Monday morning, at one and one-half o'clock Tuesday morning, and again at three o'clock on the next day, reaching Sandoway at seven in the evening. The way was through the jungle, so dense at times that the light of the moon availed them little; over rocks, roots and logs; along a hard, sandy beach, without a sign of human being or habitation for eight or ten hours at one time. The last day all the Karen boys gave out, and the cook declared that he could not "keep up." Mr. Abbott hired a guide, and even against his remonstrance pushed on and accomplished the feat of reaching Sandoway before he slept. Such was the unconquerable energy of the man. The remainder of the company came in on the following day, two or three of them being threatened with fever. Mr. Abbott had been out for twenty days, and had baptized fifty-seven persons, a mighty triumph for his day.

A canvass of the mission three months later (April, 1841) showed great progress and better prospects. Although the cholera had swept away one eighth of the inhabitants of the land, causing Arakan to be called "Eastern Golgotha," the missionaries had been spared and had prosecuted their work bravely. From Sandoway more than 6,000 books and tracts had been distributed during the year of Mr. Abbott's occupancy of the post. For these, which were sown among the Karen Christians of Arakan and Burma, the disciples around Bassein had expended nearly 1,200 rupees. One hundred and eighty-four had been baptized. At Magez-

zin, five days south of Sandoway, a church of forty-four members had been established; and at Bombee, one day farther south, a church of thirty members. In thirty-six small villages in the vicinity of Bassein there were more than one hundred others. When not persecuted they assembled in convenient places for worship, but when hunted by the government they assembled in small companies of two or three families; and where "informers" were stationed, their meetings were broken up entirely, except that sometimes in the night, when their enemies were asleep, they secretly met to worship God.

Rangoon and stations around were manned entirely by natives, under the direction of Mr. Abbott, and at the close of the year were comparatively free from molestation. The little flocks had been torn by the devourer to some degree, yet they proved faithful and sustained worship under the circumstances possible to them; and walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied.

The opening of another year, 1842, brought other experiences of a most interesting if not of a romantic character. Mr. Abbott was just the man to "do the work of an evangelist"; to enter the bays and by-ways unflinchingly, roughing it by sea and by land, scarcely taking account of the need of rest. He was not foolhardy, but being fully conscious that he was called to "labors more abundant," and that God was his sun and shield, he made no selection through motives of ease, but pushed into all accessible places. Naturally strong and athletic, he seems to have been confident that by a providence of his own, under Divine Providence, he would be spared his full time.

Goa, a town just below Sandoway, on the sea-coast, figured quite largely at this period in the operations of the Arakan mission. Early in January Mr. Abbott went southward, stopping for two days at Goa, where, at the landing, he was met by five assistants from Burma, accompanied by some twenty men who had come over to "see the teacher" and "ask for baptism." Left at daylight on the third day and ran into the mouth of Magezzin river to a Christian village where, under the direction of Myat Kyau, a neat and very creditable chapel had been erected; so striking was it that a report was circulated in jealous Burma that it was "a palace for the Karen king." Here also were some assistants from Burma, accompanied by a number desiring baptism. On the next day, the Sabbath, the exercises were: Preaching at 9 o'clock; covenant meeting at 12 o'clock; examination of candidates for baptism at 4 P. M.; administration of the ordinance just before sunset, in a small stream near the chapel, to twenty-four men from different villages in Burma, and in the evening celebration of the Lord's Supper by more than one hundred communicants—"a day of ingathering which abundantly compensated the missionary for months of anxiety and toil."

When taking his departure fifty men followed him to the river to procure books; and at evening they left for their distant homes over the mountains. The day following he was up with the sun and walked two hours on the beach, to the mouth of Baumee river, where he waited for his boat, which was compelled to go a long distance out to sea to get around a ledge of rocks and shoals. Ascending the Baumee he visited

two villages containing Christians, at each of which he spent a day or two in labors, setting things in order. At the farthest one he baptized thirty-one, making seventy-four disciples in the church at that place, administered the Supper, and during the night was rowed back to the mouth of the river.

At day-break he proceeded down the coast till four P. M., when he anchored in a small bay and went on foot, one hour's walk, to the Karen village of Ong Kyoung. Here, upon a little hill, the Christians had erected a neat chapel, "containing withal a pulpit—a wonderful improvement for the Karen jungle, and rather in advance of the age." It was Saturday evening, and the people fired a gun to notify those at a distance of the missionary's arrival. On Sunday, at an early hour, men, women, and children came flocking together, and after morning worship several presented themselves as candidates for baptism. At close of day thirty-six were baptized, and in the evening a church of thirty-nine was constituted.

Continued down the coast, spending one night at a village where a people was found who would not receive tracts. It was Burman. Next night reached a Karen village, where worship was held and several applied for baptism. Still moving southward, another Karen village, Buffalo, was reached, called "The buffalo's broken leg." Its inhabitants were refugees from Burman intolerance. They had a convenient chapel, an efficient teacher (Tway Po), and they worshiped God with no one to molest or make afraid. A very large number applied for baptism, and having been faithfully instructed for two years they were well qual-

ified. Seventy-five was the number baptized, and in the evening a church was organized and a ceremony of marriage performed. This was the most southern station in the province of Arakan, distant but about two days by boat from Cape Negrais, nearly the same distance by land from Bassein, and at least ten days by boat from Sandoway, toward which place the prow was now turned. By rowing from midnight to ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and "lying by" the rest of the day and through the evening to avoid the sea breeze, Mr. Abbott reached his home, and at once bowed at the family altar, with wife and children, "and with gratitude and joy offered up to God an oblation of thanksgiving for all his rich goodness." During the thirty-one days of absence, of which a considerable part was occupied in traveling, he baptized two hundred and seventy-five persons.

The native assistants, who had brought to Christ nearly or quite all of those just mentioned, very naturally came to be highly esteemed for their works' sake. So great was his confidence in them, and his sense of the importance of the position they occupied in the field of missions, that he felt that they must prepare their minds for leadership. In January, 1841, he records his convictions in his journal as follows:

"I have endeavored to impress the truth upon their minds that *they* are to *lead* the host of God in Burma —that they must not lean upon missionaries, but upon God, and I am looking forward to the time when some of them will be deemed worthy of ordination, that they may fully discharge the duties and obligations of pastor. My meetings, intercourse and parting with these

dear young men have been most solemn and interesting. The prosperity and perpetuity of the kingdom of Christ in Burma is dependent, under God, on their fidelity and zeal."

The year 1842, in the experience and labors of Mr. Abbott, closed as it began—in exhausting excursions among the out-stations. The summer, the rainy season, was full of work at home, teaching the disciples who came to him from the eastern side of the mountains and elsewhere, and in the preparation of literature for the masses. The season that admitted of travel was before him and must be improved. Considerations of health, however important, were never magnified by Mr. Abbott, whose mind was ever alert for an opportunity for fulfilling his mission. The demand of the work defined his duty. The whitened fields inspired him to undertake a healthful man's task, while he was consciously in the grip of an unrelenting pulmonary disease. His sympathy knew no bound, and this was the magnetic element of his being that the heathen, not less than the refined, could feel.

So, rising above the disabilities of the body and girding on the Gospel armor, he bared his brow to the ocean's breeze for another extended tour southward. This time his family accompanied him. They were highly favored in having the friendship of Sir Arthur P. Phayre, Assistant Commissioner of the British Government in Arakan, a Christian, and therefore a friend of the missionary enterprise. This good officer gave them the use of a government boat for the trip, thus providing for them much more comfort than they could get in the ordinary boats of the natives.

On the evening of the second day they reached Goa, situated on the coast, and going ashore found quarters in a small bungalow erected for officers of the government. Next day the native officer and the people came to the bungalow and crowded around it to get a sight of the white woman and children. When at evening they took a walk through the bazaar there was another exciting scene—running, gazing, staring. Groups would stand and gaze until they had passed, and then run on ahead to get another front view. Even old, gray-headed people said that Mrs. Abbott was the first English (or white) woman they had ever seen.

After a day's sojourn at Goa they proceeded on their way, and entering a small river called Kalah, stopped at a little Christian village where they tarried and baptized. It was Christmas; and a happy, if not a "merry" one. After a sojourn of three days, starting at the usual hour of three A. M., they cleared the Kalah and entered the Baumee river. As before, they were surrounded by scores who wanted a sight of the "mamma" and the "children with such beautiful white faces." They obtained the benefit arising from a view of a Christian family conducting its meals and worship and maintaining domestic order; a new scene to them.

While at Baumee various causes of distress came to their attention, suffered by the Karen Christians beyond the high barriers on the east. They were still under the jealous and tyrannical Burmese, and were subject not only to the ills common to their race, but likewise to special extortion as Christians. The remorseless taxgatherer wrung from them all their pos-

sessions, even their food, compelling them to borrow and beg until another crop could be raised. A petty Burmese officer, through pretense, entered a Christian assembly, and snatching a book from the leader, demanded that he interpret the meaning; and, on being gratified, he flew into a rage and struck the preacher on the face with the book and fined him heavily; and seized his wife and held her as a slave until she could be redeemed by the contributions of the brethren. This is a specimen of what God's children, "little children" they were, endured for His name's sake, and on account of which their cries to Him for vengeance were not in vain. The vision tarried, but it came.

As in a similar instance already narrated, the neat and tasteful Baumee chapel excited a suspicion that it was to be a palace for a Karen general, who was to invade Burma at the head of a great army; while its "royal cupola" was regarded as an insult to royalty, such an attachment not being permitted except upon a king's palace or a monastery. Accordingly the persecutor found a new occasion for searching the premises of the Christians, suspected of being in league with the invaders; and everything in the shape of arms was seized and taken to Bassein. At the same time the cholera visited Burma and made dreadful havoc, depopulating villages and sweeping off whole families; some of the victims being left to be devoured by dogs.

The old year closed amid the rejoicing of the newly baptized, and while enjoying the fellowship of the Baumee church, now numbering one hundred and under the good discipline and instruction of a native assistant. New-Year day was the Sabbath, and one

long to be remembered. It ushered in a hopeful future to the Baumee Christians, sheltered from the devourer by the interlying mountains and beneath the strong shield of the British. They assembled in large numbers to hear the word preached; sixteen more were baptized toward evening, and at night all sat down together at the table of the Lord.

Leaving Baumee, Mr. Abbott and family descended the river to its mouth, and walked thence to the mouth of the Magezzin river while the boat rounded the point through a rough sea. They were here met by information from the head man of the district that an army of several hundred men was coming over from Burma to seize the "Karen teacher" and take him to the king at Ava; and the same dignitary advised him to flee toward Sandoway. This report alarmed the people, but Mr. Abbott remained undaunted. There was a source of alarm, however, that affected him deeply. His youngest child was taken with the jungle fever, and it became necessary for Mrs. Abbott to stop and care for it. She being equally intent with her husband upon accomplishing the work in hand, would not listen to any change of plans that would disappoint the disciples; hence he pushed forward to meet his engagements, leaving her alone with the children, in a little hut on the beach, without a medical adviser or any earthly friend. Ten days of great anxiety and toil passed, when he joined his family at the point of departure and found the babe alive. He had walked "over mountains and rocks, and through swamps and mud"; while of some of the "road" he said he would not attempt a description.

Persecution was renewed at this time in Burma. Several of the families who came over to the meeting at Baumee were seized on their homeward journey; men, women and children. "The men were dreadfully beaten and bound with iron fetters; the women were put into a boat, and the boat anchored in the middle of a small river; the young children left crying on the shore, within hearing of their mothers." The enemy was especially vindictive toward the relatives of Bleh Po, a preaching assistant, who were taken to Bassein and imprisoned. "Having to walk a short distance from the boats, the women were chained together, two and two—the chain around an ankle of each—and in this manner they walked through a dense crowd to the prison. I have many anxious forebodings," continues Mr. Abbott. "Their sufferings will be dreadful, inconceivable to any one who has never seen a Burman prison and knows nothing of its discipline."

In the middle of February Mr. Abbott and family returned to Sandoway; the health of the little boy improved. He found the small-pox raging most destructively, sweeping away the people in multitudes. He inoculated his children and some of the Karens. Those in prison were suffering greatly from hunger. What they were permitted to go out and beg was snatched from them by the jailer, in some instances rendering their condition so wretched and hopeless that one of them said to the myo-woon, the officer who holds "three swords": "Kill us at once; we can not endure starvation with our wives and children." They were finally liberated, but were made to pass an ordeal imposed by the jailer and subordinates, on their way to freedom;

each of these villains exacting a fee for his services, and delaying their departure some days, until a settlement was made. The jailer having their pittance of food under his control, succeeded in starving them into submission; but the pledge not to worship the "foreigner's God" any longer was not required of them, because previous experience had proved the futility of the effort to secure it. And yet the myo-thu-gyee, man of "two swords," governor of Bassein city, was in some way compelled to become surety to the government for the extirpation of the new religion. He, however, was willing to play ignorance of their worship until the spies exposed him, and then there was liability again to prison and chains. All this, as in Apostolic times, worked out the furtherance of the Gospel. The new religion gained popularity; it was talked about, and sympathy with its suffering votaries was secretly expressed.

Hope arose from another source also. Commissioner Phayre entertained a project, probably originating with Mr. Abbott, of providing for the hundreds of Christian families that were emigrating from Burma to Arakan, to get away from persecution, leaving their gathered harvests but bringing their buffaloes. The Commissioner was to supply them with food and wait a year for the pay, without interest. This liberality brought crowds, and Mr. Abbott assisted in adjusting affairs to the exigency. He staked out a street at Ong Kyoung for a new village; also a location for a new and larger chapel; and having cleared away the brushwood and grass, all kneeled down upon it, men, women and children, and consecrated it to God. The existing chapel

could not contain more than one fourth of the assembly, and booths were built around it within hearing of the speaker. Here they enjoyed the priceless boon for which they could suffer the loss of all else—*freedom to worship God.* At Baumee, emigrants and buffaloes collected in still larger numbers. Burma was in danger of losing the best part of its population—its true and loyal citizens, the salt to save it from moral decay—while the missionary interest there seemed likely to become extinct through the same cause. The candlestick was betaking itself to a better atmosphere, where the candles might impart their light freely in the surrounding night.

VIII.

Elisha L. Abbott—*ORDAINING NATIVES.*—Bleh Po—Myat Kyau—Tway Po.

We think of what the teacher told us, that if we always set God before us he will open our way and sustain us.—*Myat Kyau to Mr. Abbott.*

MR. ABBOTT was now at the front, if not the actual and recognized superior in strictly evangelical mission work. Others performed important service in translating, preparing books and tracts for circulation, teaching, preaching, and general work; and there is no occasion for comparing laborers of such eminence, except that the diversity of gifts may appear in the unfolding of God's purposes of grace toward the heathen.

But Mr. Abbott was a preeminent proclaimer of the Gospel—the glad tidings of great joy. He began with unusual promptness and continued with marvelous perseverance under the most trying circumstances. Others were lights to the heathen world, while he was a torch-bearer. And as he swayed his flambeau through the jungles the eyes of the benighted were opened and their minds illumined. He was constantly agoing, and as constantly arousing new interest. He kept his own as leader and ensign, and was ever gaining recruits. It would be astonishing that one man should get such

a following amid so many adverse circumstances, were it not for the marvelous adaptation of what he offered them to their wants. They saw the difference between the bread of paganism and the true bread that cometh down from heaven. Arakan and Bassein districts were thoroughly aroused by the herald of the Gospel; they had a new experience.

And now an emergency arose. The converts had multiplied beyond expectation, and he was overburdened by his new responsibilities. There was a call for a new class of helpers—ordained native preachers. Had all the converts lived within easy reach of the missionary, baptism might have been administered to them by him; but many of them were far away—fruits of his visitation at some time, not then ready to be garnered; or the fruits of labor by the native evangelists who had not been ordained. These young disciples were all aglow, and it seems that theirs was an age of love and loyalty with the element of rough romance, not moonshine, added. But while the loyalty was greatly to their credit, and the romance an incidental circumstance, there was a hard fact in the disadvantage under which the work was being carried on. The Karens were journeying on foot for great distances, often occupying ten or fifteen days each way, to be baptized by the missionary, the only authorized administrator.

Mr. Abbott took a practical view of the situation. That a few persons or a company or two should make this demonstration of faith was well; it was a feature of much interest in the history of the beginnings. But neither interest in missions nor their progress depended

upon any expense that partook of the nature of waste, whether of time, labor, or means. The poor Karens were poor enough already, and sufficiently exposed to disease and to the devouring of wild beasts and bestial Burmans, without the further exposure and expense of unnecessary travel. And Mr. Abbott discouraged their long tramps to obtain baptism at his hands.

He must provide another way for the baptism to which they were entitled on believing in Christ. And having taken much time and exercised his utmost wisdom in determining the sincerity of their faith, partly through the native assistants, his mind settled upon the only feasible plan: *Native preachers must be ordained and do the baptizing.* For such a bold step circumstances had ripened. It was not an impulse of his; for, however impulsively he may have acted in some cases, in this one his course was the result of much consideration.

His "assistants" were more to him than the term imports. They were itinerant evangelists, in large part; converts to his ministry who had gone forth under his advice and watchcare. He knew their character and views of doctrine thoroughly, and his reasoning was, that if they could be trusted to teach and lead the heathen to Christ, they could do the baptizing. The ceremonial work involved less responsibility than the spiritual. Having performed the one part satisfactorily to the native brethren, it was proper that they should add the other term of membership—the baptism.

There was no ambition manifested by any of the native preachers to be baptizers; at least, none is

revealed in the accounts of them. There were choice spirits among them whom they were glad to honor as their leaders; their recognition of the elements of piety and ability being as satisfactory to them as is ours in the present day. There were hundreds of Christians who had never seen the face of a missionary, and, under the oppressive Burman monarchy of the time, were not likely to enjoy that privilege. Why should their leaders not be fully authorized to baptize believers, and give them access to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and other privileges of membership? Mr. Abbott reached the inevitable conclusion; and it only remained to impress the churches that the ordination of pastors was not to be imposed by him, but was to be freely decided upon by themselves. He believed that their liberty in Christ would be the sweeter were they to cultivate the gift of self-management.

Men of piety, genius and tact were to be found in the Karen churches. At the very opening of this mission to their downtrodden race God had given them the wonderful Ko Thah-byu, a specimen hero and a monument of saving grace; and with him began a line of mighty men of valor, ready at all times to lay down their lives for the Gospel's sake. Mr. Abbott had no difficulty in finding those whom he might count faithful and put into the ministry. Yet, very naturally, his heart was drawn toward some who gave promise of special usefulness. These were interesting characters, and fitly belong to this galaxy; including the first upon whom his mind was fixed, but whom the Father withdrew from his place of shining just as the hope of the missionary was highest.

Bleh Po.

He was a young man who first heard the Gospel from Mr. Abbott, learned to read, and soon embraced Christ. After two years he was baptized and became a valiant expounder and defender of the faith, in the face of persecution from his relatives and trial by court for having a "foreigner's book." He triumphed over all, and was instrumental in bringing his upbraiding wife and several of his friends to the knowledge of the truth. In becoming a Christian he was obliged to sacrifice a considerable property; was seized by petty officers, questioned and threatened, yet always succeeded in disarming them, and converting them into either friends or harmless enemies. With only the Gospels and the Acts as yet translated, he embraced what opportunity he found and committed the greater part of the Gospels to memory.

"His weight of personal character," said Mr. Abbott, "gave him almost unbounded influence over the Christian community. A man of unwavering integrity, of perfect simplicity, guileless as an infant, his entire being was as transparent as the light. Discreet withal, and of sterling good sense, his word was law to his converts, and commanded the respect of his bitterest foes. * * * In all cases of discipline and difficulty beyond the control of others, Bleh Po was sent for, and his voice was like the voice of the Son of God over the troubled waters. * * * Prayer was with him a fixed habit, essential to his existence; many a time at dead of night he was awake, pouring out his soul to God. While a student, very frequently would he get

away into some secluded place and spend a day in fasting and prayer.

"The idea of *self* never seemed to awaken the least anxiety. During the year 1842 he received from the mission thirty-six rupees, not one pice of which, I have reason to believe, he ever appropriated to his own use. He said it was God's money, and sought out poor Christians and gave it all away, trusting in Providence for the support of his family. When apprehended and threatened by government, not knowing but death would be his portion, and in the most cruel manner, it did not seem to excite in him one anxious thought."

He was a John in the wilderness. Without so good a raiment as one of camel's hair, and with food far inferior to that of locusts and wild honey, he traversed mountain and glen and coast, going from village to village and from house to house, counting it a joy that he was permitted to carry a reprieve to his countrymen, grinding in the prison-house of a hard and false religion.

The cholera appeared in his village most destructively, and he was one of the first smitten by it. Partially recovering, he seemed to be inspired to visit the sick, and, forgetting himself, he went to every one who was attacked, exhorting all to trust in God and "consoling the dying with the promises of the Gospel and the bright prospects of eternal joy." Overdoing, he suffered a relapse, from which he could not rally; but still his intense anxiety for others continued, and raising his voice amid his dreadful pains he exhorted his friends to be steadfast—never to desert the cause of Christ. Thus he spent his dying breath.

His death caused great lamentation. A great many aged women came to the chapel and, with tears running down their cheeks, talked of his goodness, humility and faithfulness, adding, "Teacher, what shall we do now?" Mr. Abbott's grief was such as they knew not of. In this burning and shining light he had centered great expectations, and was sensitively anxious concerning him, because he was to be the first in his ministry to take ordination vows and thus put on trial the propriety of giving the pastoral office into the hands of native preachers. Mr. Abbott went to Baumee, expecting to meet him there and ordain him, and instead of the realization of long deferred hope he learned of his death. He was overwhelmed with sorrow. Nothing that had ever occurred in the mission affected him so deeply; while the feeling of the people was voiced by one of their number who had traveled through the country—"*Pga hau dau kau nyah*" (the whole community is in tears).

Myat Kyau.

This is another star on the Burman horizon, which appeared in the time of Bleh Po and in part mitigated the loss of that serene and brilliant one. Mr. Abbott had thought of ordaining him and others, when the case of Bleh Po was under consideration. He was nominal pastor of a flourishing church at Magezzin; was performing the full duties of the pastoral office, except that of administering the ordinances. He had studied with Mr. Abbott for three seasons, and had thus given him ample opportunity to learn his intellectual traits and general elements of character. His

experience, influence, and good report among them that were without, all pointed to him as a man of good qualities. And his effectiveness as a preacher, shown by the fruits of years of labor, supplied the proof of his fitness to explain the way of life.

Mr. Abbott conducted the ordination services, as he only knew in what they should consist; yet he first occupied three or four days in learning the wishes of the disciples and impressing upon them the fact that the whole proceeding concerned them. Then he spent some hours in going through with the examination, not to satisfy himself, but to further impress them with the solemnity and importance of such a ceremony and to establish the right precedent. The parts of the service were all incumbent upon him, of course—the imposition of hands with prayer, the right hand of fellowship, the charge, and all. He said that he "never experienced greater satisfaction than in the performance of this deeply interesting service." It was to him the inauguration of a new custom for the furtherance of the Gospel, or for the better use of the facilities possessed—the granting to men the liberty naturally belonging to them as pastors, and without the use of which the whole machinery of missions was impeded. To have decided what to do and actually to have begun the ordaining of pastors was to him the assertion of his liberty as a lone missionary, dependent on his own judgment in matters of expediency. He was now committed to a new policy which he had long considered and which he had the decision of character to maintain, and he felt free indeed. It now seems that he possessed the missionary instinct in a higher

degree than did many others. He was born to lead the vanguard in a most important portion of the field, and he came at the right moment.

The first year of Myat Kyau's labors as an ordained minister was full of good fruits. His deportment was becoming, and, though no example of duty was before him except that of the missionary from America, he fulfilled the duties of his office with great propriety, baptizing a large number. At the beginning of the second year it seemed good to the brethren to send him into pitiable, persecuting Burma, on a special mission. Mr. Abbott spent a Sunday with the Magezzin church, and united with it in promoting the movement for this tour of its pastor. It was a hazardous one. Burmese officers were entering the Christian assemblies, looking on and remaining mysteriously silent; a calm which, to Mr. Abbott, seemed rather threatening. Yet the Christians of a great many villages had been calling for Myat Kyau, and he would not confer with flesh and blood when duty was plain. Mr. Abbott took him away into the jungle, and sitting down with him on a large stone, gave him his last words of advice. Possibly the eye of Him who discerns the thoughts saw some hidden tears, as the suggestion must have arisen in the mind of each that they might not see each other's face again. There were so many adversaries!

This newly commissioned officer of the Lord's army went forth in the Lord's strength, and on returning he might have reported that even the demons were subject to him in His name. Proceeding to the region north of Rangoon he spent several days and baptized in each Christian village; was not molested, and no

persecution followed his labors. At the end of the fourth month, about the time of his return, he sent this modest but exultant message to Mr. Abbott:

"Great is the grace of the Eternal God! Thus by the great love of our Lord Jesus Christ, more than 1,550 have joined themselves to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"I, Myat Kyau, and Ong Sah, we two went forth. God opened our way, and we went in peace and joy. O, teacher! we think of what the teacher told us, that if we always set God before us he will open our way and sustain us."

This letter indicates the power of this man, raised up among the heathen and for the heathen. His success elsewhere corresponded with this early and significant assault upon heathenism. He was terribly severe in his denunciations of the wicked, and, on account of this disposition, he may have been just the man needed to keep the enemy at bay, and finally to bring him to repentance. He baptized more converts than any one in Burma, except, perhaps, Sau Quala. He died in 1852, having done a great and remarkable work, extending over about ten years of an ordained ministry, after a considerable period of very useful work as an "assistant." He maintained a high moral character, and the type of his ministry seems to have been well adapted to the introduction of the Gospel to Burma.

Cway Po.

This disciple was also a product of Mr. Abbott's work, and was baptized by him at some village in Arakan. In about two years after he had begun to preach,

and had made good proof of character and ability, he was ordained. The service took place very soon after that of Myat Kyau, who was present and gave the charge and right hand of fellowship, in an address "fraught with good sense and genuine piety, and adapted to the wants of the new pastor." He was the third of the trio whose ordination had been contemplated by way of introducing the native Karen preachers to the full work of the pastorate.

Tway Po was a man to be loved. Mr. Abbott prized his companionship, and made him his comrade in the fight with the powers of darkness—in Karen jungles, in sickness and sorrow, by night and by day; a counsellor, too, in matters relating to the organization and discipline of the churches. He apprehended the great truths of redemption with a vigor and clearness seldom surpassed in Christian lands; and sitting by his table reading, studying, or conversing with those who sought his counsel, he seemed to be like an American pastor. His house resembled those of our own country, and its furniture was of his own manufacture. It was a strange circumstance to the missionary that a native's house should consist of floor, rafters, steps, and door frames of sawn plank; and contain tables, chairs, and a couch with turned legs, his own handiwork.

"His unimpeachable character as a man of prayer and of entire devotion to the cause of Christ, his aptness to teach, his goodness, his sound judgment, his wisdom in counsel, his capacity to govern, his reputation, his meekness and humility, all recommended him as a candidate for the ministry. * * * He had my entire confidence," continues Mr. Abbott, "and soon

won the confidence and love, not only of his own church, but of all the churches and preachers among the Karen people. When I left Burma in 1845 I relied upon him to take my place. During my absence he and Myat Kyau baptized many hundreds, formed churches and set over them preachers and teachers, as much to my satisfaction as if I had been on the ground. Both were men of unyielding integrity and unwavering fidelity, and each in his own way was useful to the cause of Christ. Translated from the darkness of heathenism into the Kingdom of God's dear Son, the first ordained among the Karens, they both fulfilled the ministry they had received of the Lord Jesus with fidelity and honor, and have their reward."

Tway Po died in 1853, about one year later than Myat Kyau, and of the same disease—cholera. The Burmans laid in wait to kill him, because, as they said, he was so good a man and had so much influence with the English. When they would have taken him he was not, for God took him.

A serious check to the successful career of Mr. Abbott was experienced at the time now reached. It was caused by sickness, and occurred in 1844. His physician said that he had the "seeds of consumption"; an opinion that might have been expressed, doubtless, before he left America. His exacting duties hastened the issue; yet the same result might have been experienced had he lived in the United States. His zeal was consuming him. At Sandoway he was obliged to preach in the open air; many times during a great part of the night, in a cold, damp, foggy air. This brought on soreness of throat, and the exhausting process went on and fever set in.

His cherished plans of convening with his assistants, in annual meeting, were completely frustrated, and, seeing his condition, he begged for a missionary to be sent at once to Sandoway; sent overland, at increased expense, to save time. "To leave the three thousand baptized," he plead, "and the thirty native preachers and the two ordained pastors here, as sheep in the wilderness—oh, how utterly vain to attempt to express the emotions of my soul! No, never can any finite being know!—never!"

The tide of prosperity was high and rising. More than two thousand Karens had been gathered into the Arakan mission during the year not yet closed, of which number more than fifteen hundred were reported by two of the native preachers. But amid this glorious fruitage, rejoicing, doubting, fearing, and after the death of his wife and the burial of "a hale, happy, beautiful boy," he bowed to the divine disposing and sadly turned his face toward the setting sun. He arrived at New York in November, 1845.

Mr. Abbott went to his own people, at Fulton, New York, where he was quite low for some time from the effects of a cold. But receiving some encouragement as to his condition, and being in great demand for the home service of foreign missions he labored in proper ways to diffuse the zeal that controlled his own life. He communicated to the churches the miracles and wonders that God had wrought among the heathen; messages that awakened the indifferent and encouraged the friends of missions, as, perhaps, intelligence has not more effectively done at any period of missionary progress. His feeling was expressed in his words, "I am distressed for Arakan."

The months sped along and Mr. Abbott was again on the wave, on his outward voyage, in what he considered greatly improved health. To expedite affairs he took the overland route from England, and in November, 1847, he again stepped upon the soil of heathendom, about two years and a half from the time he left it for America. Word had gone out through the Karen jungles that he was coming, so that the gaze "toward the setting sun for the teacher" naturally became more and more intense.

His first noticeable movement, after arriving, was to hold an interview with the Christians, in convention, at Ong Kyoung. He was an ensign and a leader of the people. Conscious of his position and responsibility he let no ordinary cause hinder him from appearing at the front, at the right time and place; and this was as pleasing to the native disciples as it was satisfying to his sense of duty. In attending the convention his aim was to ascertain the state of the churches and general affairs, from which he had been separated for so long a time, and also to ordain other missionaries.

It was at Ong Kyoung that he parted from the disciples about three years before, with sadness in every heart because of the possibility that they should not again see each other on earth. And now as they came together their mingled joys were the sweeter on account of their mutual anxiety and individual trials during the separation. "During his absence the conquests of the Gospel had continued to extend, and the waving fields on every side still invited the sickle of the reaper."

The ordaining of native preachers did not take

place. Other missionaries could not be present at one time to assure the needed wisdom; and although two were selected by the native brethren, after a day of special prayer, they finally declined to assume the office on account of their own misgivings. "Their earnestness in prayer and their mental struggles were intense; and they persisted in wishing to be allowed to wait another year." Modesty and moderation were not lacking, certainly, on the part of any concerned.

There were at that time thirty-six native preachers, having charge of five thousand church members. About one thousand of these members were in the province of Arakan, west of the mountains, and four thousand east of the mountains spreading toward Rangoon but not beyond. The churches had memberships numbering from twenty to two hundred and fifty each, and in many of those most distant from Sandoway large numbers were awaiting baptism. Mr. Abbott had accomplished a special object had in mind when in America—such an one as frequently has been a consuming desire of missionaries, viz., a reenforcement of the mission at Sandoway. Rev. J. S. Beecher and Mrs. Beecher were at his side; "good friends, desirable companions, and faithful fellow-laborers." This was a stage of advancement at which he could thank God and take courage.

IX.

Elisha L. Abbott—*TWO ATTEMPTS TO ENTER BURMA; CONVERTS MULTIPLIED; SELF-SUPPORT.*

> True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
> And those who can suffer can dare.
>
> CHARLES KINGSLEY.

QUIETED and encouraged by the partial supply of helpers, Mr. Abbott felt free to contemplate anew the desirableness and expediency of effecting an entrance into Burma. He could not complacently regard the trials of thousands of Karen Christians scattered through that part of the empire adjacent to Arakan, the consequence of tyranny, nor their destitution of such means of grace as a better government would render possible. Then the hundreds of thousands that were still in the darkness of paganism, feeling after God and ready for Him to be revealed to them, appealed to his sympathetic nature with a force he would not disregard.

Accordingly, early in 1849, he planned an attempt, encouraged by the governor of a district lying southeast and independent of Bassein, who had invited and promised him permission to build a house in his city. Leaving Sandoway with an expectation of complying with the invitation, he started by sea in a native boat, and after twelve days entered the Bassein river. He

was stopped at a watch station near the mouth of the river, under the jurisdiction of the governor of Bassein, and forbidden to enter the country until his permission should be obtained. This was not very surprising to him, though he had hoped to pass the station without challenge and reach the country under the rule of the governor of Myoung Myon, who had invited him. He was detained at the station for five days, until a message from Bassein, deciding the matter, was received. As expected, the decision came that he could not be allowed to enter the country, but that if he would remain at the station three months the governor would send to Ava and learn the will of the king on the subject. The case was sent, but Mr. Abbott did not entertain the confidence in it that would have justified the delay. He returned to Sandoway, after making an extended tour among the churches on the coast as previously. Of one thing he felt assured—that the king had given orders to all the governors to cease persecuting the Karen Christians.

Three months passed and the dauntless Abbott, though far from being in sound health, was on his feet and off again in another attempt to effect an entrance to poor benighted Burma. Knowing that it was wronging its own people rather than him, and filled with the charity that never faileth, he girded his wasting powers and went forth in the name of the Lord to set up His banners.

He decided upon making a foot-journey by crossing the hills from the head of Baumee river. The walk was excessively fatiguing, the more so because he had not been accustomed to travel much by land, for some

time. The company was fourteen hours in going from the last village on the west side to the first on the east side of the mountains. In the latter he had a "house," doubtless prepared by the disciples for the occasion; or, rather, a large chapel with a sleeping apartment of bamboo work in one end of it. The Christians were overjoyed by his presence, but he had known a home in Sandoway, and this, apart from the affection shown in its erection, was a house of desolation. The day after arriving was the Sabbath, and it being fraught with interests spiritual and eternal, was adapted to elevate the thoughts to the house not made with hands. The pains following the long walk through the jungles seemed to lose their severity. At nine o'clock the chapel was crowded; ten native pastors present, and hundreds on the grounds who could not gain an entrance to the building. He broke down in an effort to preach, on account of pain in his throat. At noon those disappointed at the morning service crowded the chapel, intent upon hearing the missionary. He spoke with some ease and freedom.

"But the anticipations arising from the peaceful and precious services of the Sabbath were to be frustrated. At daylight next morning," is Mr. Abbott's account of the affair, "officers rushed into my room, and not in a very mild way ordered me to start at once, as the governor had called me to his presence. I had seen officials before, and had nothing to do—but 'keep cool.' I finally succeeded in quieting their fury, and getting them to leave my sleeping-room and allow me to dress. After much ado they became more agreeable and allowed me to take a cup of tea, as I did not know

exactly whereunto that thing would grow or when it would end.

"I got into a little canoe and rowed down the small river till nine o'clock, and arrived at the bamboo palace of His Excellency. It was the hour of the morning levee. The great man himself was seated on a mat at one end of a large hall—his silver boxes containing his betel nut, tobacco and linen, etc., spread around, and he reclining on a velvet cushion, 'as is the manner of eastern princes.' The common people were at a great distance bowing on their faces, while a few grave, elderly men were nearer, sitting in an upright position. I entered into conversation with the governor—told him distinctly who and what I was, and the object of my coming to the country. And he told me as distinctly that he dared not allow me to remain. I must return immediately and wait a few months till the arrival of the new governor of Bassein, and till the matter could go before the king. He treated me very civilly, but was decided, and I was helpless. On taking my leave I told him I knew very well it was the custom of his country, that people in coming into the presence of a great man should pull off their shoes, but trusted he would excuse me for not doing it; and as it was the custom of my own country to take off the hat on similar occasions, I would follow that. I raised my hat and gave him the best bow at my command, with which he appeared perfectly satisfied, and made my way back to my own village. I sent a request to the governor to allow me to pass through his district into the city, or into the district of the governor who invited me to his place last year. But 'he would do no such thing.'

"I left men around the court to hear and bring me word of what was said—for I knew my case would be freely discussed. These men arrived at my village at eight o'clock in the evening with the intelligence that unless that foreign teacher was missing the next morning, the head man of the village and the pastor of the church would be dragged to prison. They were made responsible for my immediate departure. That was an aspect of things I did not like, for I had determined to stay if possible and see the end. What consternation the news that those men were to be dragged to prison in the morning, sent through that village!

"Several of the women went into fits, so that we heard their screams, from various parts of the village, in the chapel where we were sitting. Some wept and some prayed. But the old men gathered around me and asked, 'Teacher, what shall we do?' Sure enough, here was a case to be decided, and not much time to do it in. But by nine o'clock we had asked counsel of God and the matter was settled. Before eleven all my household furniture was tied again to poles by rattans, to prevent the burdens slipping off at either end, as they were to be carried by two men each over the precipices, and rocks and logs and ravines, through the jungles to Arakan.

"From eleven to twelve the people assembled for worship, and I endeavored to strengthen their confidence in the wisdom of Providence. And at midnight we started on our dreary way back over those hills we had crossed two days before. The full moon was sailing through the clear heavens, and in its soft melancholy light we traveled on cheerily—a few native pas-

tors at my side with whom 'I talked by the way' till near daylight, when the men carrying the burdens said if they could sleep one hour it would give them strength to climb the hills. As I knew the poor fellows would require all their strength I ordered a halt, and they all immediately lay down on the ground by their burdens, and in a moment all were in a sound sleep. I spread out my mat on the leaves, pulled a blanket over me, spread a handkerchief over my face and gave myself up to the strange, wild thoughts the circumstances were adapted to awaken.

"The natives had told me that we were in a notorious haunt of wild elephants, tigers, and robbers. The men around me were all in a dead sleep. Through the opening foliage the moon's stray beams were playing with my eyes. Not a breath moved. Not a whisper was heard, but the deep breathings of the sleepers. The events of the past few days, fraught with the interests of the kingdom of Christ and with the destinies of men forever, passed in view. The fatiguing journey before, attended with its perils, awakened anxiety, and the future was impenetrable. I slept also very quietly about forty minutes, and started up refreshed. The brilliant morning star met and gladdened my eye, betokening approaching day—beautiful emblem of the star of Hope, arising over these lands of pagan darkness. The men were soon upon their feet, and we marched on and still on, and reached the first village towards evening. I was three days in procuring boats and getting down to the mouth of the river, and three more in preparing a boat for Sandoway, where I arrived after six days more at sea, having been absent twenty days."

Thus ended the second unsuccessful attempt to enter Burma Proper with the Gospel—the second of this period. Mr. Abbott is permitted to narrate the romantic circumstances in his own simple and graphic way. He was not done attempting great things for God; yet there was to be a little further waiting, which was part of the divine plan.

After returning to Sandoway he very soon learned that early on the morning of his departure from the Karen village officers came, and, on finding that he had gone, left without molesting the Karens. Shortly after, a body of armed men entered the village, wishing to see the foreigner; presumably robbers who, had Mr. Abbott been found, would have been resisted even unto blood, but doubtless without avail. In this escape may have been found the explanation of the defeat of his purposes as to entering the country at that time. The God of Missions has thus far, for nearly four score years, preserved our missionaries from the assassin and the executioner, though often the intention has been formed to slay them.

The disappointment experienced by Mr. Abbott in these two excursions to Burma seems to have been depressing. He was not defeated, but only temporarily repulsed, and of this he was conscious. There was a ray of light piercing the cloud—the report that the king had actually issued an order that he be allowed to reside in the country. But whether true or untrue, he foresaw the end of all ruling against the King of kings and his loyal subjects. His movements were advance movements; for he was born to be early rather than late—to lead rather than to follow. In a

fuller estimate of the case, it will doubtless be concluded that his skirmishing was preliminary to the events that followed.

After the first repulse, and in the same letter that conveyed information of it to the United States, he gave a most hopeful view of the Karen mission and its bearing upon the future of Burma. This he did by contrasting the past with the present. Ten years had passed since he made his first tour through the region he was now trying to enter; his sympathetic wife being then at his side. The first five of those years was the period of persecution, in which Burmans in large numbers fled to Arakan for freedom of body and soul; the flight being greatest in the last year, 1844. Then the government, anxious to keep its citizens, gave the Christians rest, and encouraged them to build chapels and worship God in their own way.

The Christians were at that time, 1844, exerting a powerful influence upon the government and the people, and Mr. Abbott was anxious to take the interest at its tide and lead it on to fortune. But this longing was to be unsatisfied then, and it was not satisfied five years later. In 1849 he wrote to the Missionary Union, expressing his feelings and drawing an instructive and inspiring contrast:

"How different the scenes I should witness *now* from what I witnessed in my first tour through that region in 1839. Then all was wild and degraded—the whole land enveloped in deep darkness—the voice of salvation echoed strangely through their jungles, and awaked only the contemptuous sneer or the ribald laugh—the ignorant multitudes delighted in the feasts

of devils more than in the songs of Zion, and loved the pollutions of sin better than the moral purity which the Gospel requires.

"But what had God wrought! Now there are in that region *twenty-eight* churches, containing *three thousand five hundred members*. *Nine* large, beautiful chapels are completed, and nearly *twenty* of an inferior order. The Sabbath is hallowed, and as the sacred day returns a Christian population of *eight thousand* assemble in those temples of the Lord, clothed and in their right minds, to sit at the feet of Jesus and hear from their own pastors the message of salvation."

A wider statistical view, including Bassein and Arakan, taken at the close of the year 1848, gave the number of churches as thirty-six; members reported, four thousand three hundred and forty-one; baptisms that year, three hundred and seventy-three; native preachers, forty-four. Twelve chapels were completed and "do honor to the spirit and enterprise of the people. They are beautifully finished, and accommodate several hundred worshipers. There are reported also five thousand one hundred and twenty-four *unbaptized* Christians, who maintain as religious a life in all respects as the members of the church."

Who was caring for this multitude? Who of the missionaries could do it, while the government was in such antagonism to them? And when it is considered that there was a great number of nominal Christians, making a population of not less than twelve thousand, in Mr. Abbott's estimation, "who would bear comparison, as it respects moral character, with any Christian

population in the world," the question of pastoral supply is seen to have been a vital one. And there were but two parts to the question—*men* and *means*. The "men" (preachers) were quite numerous, as the Karens, on being converted, were glad to proclaim the Savior to their suffering and susceptible people; a larger proportion of them than were to be found in other countries. They needed to be prepared and authorized; and Mr. Abbott had taken forward steps in preparing a number and in putting some of them, fully panoplied, into the work of the ministry. The other feature, the "means," was a matter which, to him, required grave consideration.

The converts had but little means; did not expect to possess much, and it required but little to support them. There is no evidence that the preachers were greedy of filthy lucre, and it is certain that expenses, as compared with those in America, were very small. Nor does it appear that the thought of pay was associated, at first, with the impulse to preach. Hence it was felt by Mr. Abbott that it would be an easy matter for the churches, inexperienced though they were, to arrange for their own expenses, and that by so doing they would be developed in the important grace of giving, would obtain credit with the friends of missions in this country, and not become imbecile by their dependence.

Mr. Abbott, after due deliberation, boldly presented the plan of self-support to the native churches, and to his fellow missionaries, and, presumably, to the Board in America. Mr. Beecher stood with him, yet to him as a leader was this radical measure due. At the "As-

sociation of Native Preachers," held in January, 1849, the subject was considered and the preachers, he wrote, "unanimously and cheerfully gave up the relations they have hitherto sustained to the mission, and are in future to rely entirely on their churches for support." This action was something more than the result of influence over weak natives who had been accustomed to yield to his counsel; it was due to one soul instinct with leadership, and a mind gifted with forecast and moral courage. The matter, as a whole, had many sides, and was attended with quite a diversity of views. It required for its complete trial an extended period, and especially the continued support of its originator, who did not live many years after its introduction. At the end of two years he declared that it had succeeded beyond his expectation. And in subsequent time, at an anniversary of the Missionary Union, the author listened to the declaration from the lips of Jonah G. Warren, D. D., Secretary, that it was not the aim or expectation of the foreign missionary enterprise to forever aid native churches, but rather to start them and teach them to go alone. And J. N. Murdock, D. D., at a still later day made the following deliberate utterance: "There may be such a thing as nursing churches into chronic infancy and inertness, instead of exercising them into vigorous power and efficiency by leaving them, under God, to their own resources."

These were the two points in Abbott's originality that determined his leadership—an ordained native ministry and self-support in native churches. At a time when all converts and churches in heathen lands were supposed to be "children in understanding" as

well as in years, his ideas were regarded by many as impracticable; yet all now admire the sincerity of the man, and regard him as one of the noblest of the vanguard in heathen lands. How deep his interest in the rising ministry of Burma! How much he did to create and encourage such a ministry! Note his letter referring to those preachers in attendance upon the Association at Ong Kyoung, before mentioned:

"Some thirty-five native preachers were assembled from all parts of the country west of Rangoon. There has ever been to me more of intense interest connected with my intercourse with those native preachers than with any other relations of my missionary life. I baptized them all; they have sat under my teachings month after month, while I have watched them growing up from the infancy of knowledge, and becoming men in Christ. I have followed them as they have gone forth into their wild jungles preaching the Gospel; have seen churches grow up under their instructions and thousands become obedient to the faith. Upon two of their number have I ventured to lay my hands and to recognize them as bishops of the church of Christ. I have bowed with them on the sea-shore, and commended them to the grace of God, ready to depart for a distant land, wasted by disease, while each of us trembled under the unuttered foreboding that in this world we should meet no more. I have seen them again standing firm like good soldiers of Jesus Christ—converts multiplying around them as the drops of the morning—as pastors of churches, magnifying their office and glorifying God."

The meeting at Ong Kyoung was turned into an

institute, at which Mr. Abbott took the preachers "thoroughly through Hebrews and Romans, and also through some primary works in theology." He deemed it absolutely essential that he meet with them once a year, and that they remain together for weeks, if not for months, studying the Scriptures.

Accordingly, in the following year another meeting and institute were held at the same place; Messrs. Beecher and Van Meter assisting as the year before. The Association had assumed character and prominence. Assistants and delegates were present from all parts; and written reports from nearly all the churches were presented, indicating a highly satisfactory degree of stability and prosperity. Sabbath worship was being regularly maintained, and Sabbath schools had been established. The major part had convenient places of worship, and "all had aided more or less in supporting their own preachers." "Their influence was good upon the heathen around them. * * * An impression was being made which promised glorious things for Burma." Baptisms in connection with the Sandoway mission, for the year, exceeded six hundred.

The Association also presented an opportune occasion for setting apart to the ministry some men who had shown a fitness for the work, and whose services were needed. One of these, Moung Yay, had been acting pastor of a church since its formation, a period of ten years, and had maintained a spotless reputation; and the standing of the others, though younger, was not less fair. A fourth assistant was ordained at Buffalo, making four at this juncture; and these, with the two ordained previously by Mr. Abbott, made six natives wearing the full robes of office.

Nor was this all. There was a manifest leading of thought toward independent benevolence, which was but another, a crowning feature of Mr. Abbott's system of operating Karen missions. The liberality of the Christians needed to be enlightened and directed. The old superstition that offerings must be made to the gods, to pagodas and priests, was so fully a part of the heathen's being that much care and cultivation were necessary to its elimination, after conversion. Some came to the meeting with offerings in their hands, not knowing where to bestow them. Hence the fitness of a society to take them in charge and properly place them. The thirty-seventh annual report of the Board virtually indorsed the course taken. It stated: "Another scarcely less interesting series of acts during the meeting was the constituting of a 'Karen Home Mission Society,' and the appointment of three home missionaries to be supported by its funds. It is a 'voluntary association,' entirely under the direction of the Karens, though superintended by the mission, with Karen officers, committees, etc., and gives good promise of usefulness."

X.

Elisha L. Abbott—*OTHERS IN FRONT; BATTLE OF THE STOCKADES; FALL OF RANGOON.*

"O, Earth, thou shalt arise; thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound his chastening hand hath made;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his bonds, and cast his cords away.

HEBER.

IT was now the middle of the century; and the new half-century was beginning while the most stirring events were occurring. It was one of the times of predicted overturning preparatory to the coming of Him whose right it is to rule. Mr. Abbott's desire to enter Burma and obtain the advantage of nearness to the people of his charge and choice was not altogether his own. He must have been led of the Spirit. While on the surface there were many "adversaries," underneath a current of mighty sweep was carrying away their foundations. The Burmans were foolish; God was wise. They were weak; He was strong. While they were interfering with the progress of the Gospel they were alienating their citizens and preparing another nation to act as God's instrument of wrath to them.

The veteran Kincaid had been recuperating in the United States and was ready at the right moment to meet the human tiger again in his own wilds. Rangoon had been devastated by a conflagration and had

been forsaken by the missionaries, but not forever. The tears that had been shed over it by the first and the subsequent missionaries were yet to have their best reward. And Dr. Kincaid, with Dr. Dawson, a medical missionary, at his side, was to make the bold attempt to enter this southern stronghold of the empire.

Early in 1851 these two men, both experienced with Eastern languages and people, took passage at Maulmein for Rangoon, in a schooner manned by Mussulmans. They found that the rebuilding of the town was in rapid progress, three fourths of which, together with much shipping, had been destroyed. They passed the custom-house, but in a few hours were summoned back by the officers and closely questioned as to their voyage, relations, business, etc., etc., all of which was minutely recorded. On Sunday morning the viceroy sent for them, but the plea that the day was "sacred" satisfied His Eminence with their refusal; and they were called on Monday morning again to the custom-house and more fully questioned. Dr. Dawson's skill soon attracted attention and great numbers flocked about him. The government seemed to be mild with foreigners. The missionaries were permitted to procure a house, and they hoped to bring their families.

Returning to Maulmein to effect their removal, they soon learned that the governor of Rangoon had shown his hostility by practicing severities upon those who had shown them favors. In about a month from the time they left the old city, and under admonition not to return in the face of the opposition manifested,

they landed again at its wharf. Dr. Kincaid went ashore early, and learning that there would be objection to their settlement in the city he hastened back to the vessel and in a short time both families were quartered in the house of Capt. Potter. Their goods reached the custom-house by evening and were passed. Coolies were employed to carry them to their rented house, but the poor landlord was so frightened by the penalties inflicted upon others who had shown them favors that he wished the agreement annulled. Kincaid insisted on admittance and did not wait for consent. He came to Rangoon to stay.

Next day the governor went to the custom-house, with a large retinue of sight-seers, and there summoned the missionaries to appear before him; the crowd, remembering his treatment, being anxious to know what he would do now. In a loud, insolent tone he asked many questions; and when through, Dr. Kincaid offered, in reply, as a reason for his presence, his friendly acquaintance at Ava, when formerly in the country, and the invitation of the king to return and bring a printing press and a physician. This statement softened the governor's manner, and he was willing to change the subject. He appointed over him a guardian and spy, which so aroused the indignation of Kincaid that he would not recognize him as a guard nor his relation to him as that of a prisoner.

"Poor old Joe Alley," the Mussulman of whom he had rented quarters, fell into such a paroxysm of fear that Dr. Kincaid promised to send no more goods to the house. After much trouble the goods were safely stowed away in Capt. Potter's godown—an East India

warehouse. A highly respectable Mohammedan who had assisted the missionaries was severely beaten and kicked by three or four fellows, while two hundred people looked on. Another was terribly beaten by the governor and had been carried off to die; and his principal wife also had some experience of his wrath at about the same time, and it was reported that Dr. Kincaid's life was threatened. When his anger had abated he sent for the missionaries and kept them about an hour, asking questions and showing some fine specimens of Burman swords; also proffering some favors. After a few days, anxiety was allayed, and they were housed in a building by themselves, made somewhat endurable by means of much water and whitewash and repairs. A royal message came down from Ava "expressing a wish that they would be disposed to remain in Burma, and that they might enjoy every possible favor."

Their house was very large, sufficiently spacious at any rate to contain a dozen native families. When put in order it was found to be ample for lecturing and dispensary purposes, and each one assuming his particular department, work was begun in earnest. Dr. Kincaid had quite good audiences at once, and Dr. Dawson was "in practice" without any waiting. There was a rush of sick people, Armenian, Mohammedan, and Burman; some from great distances. A custom-house officer, a daughter of the governor and even the governor himself, were seeking help. Some who had been attacked by robbers, wounded, and left half dead, sought this Good Samaritan Hospital. The sin-sick and those wishing to hear some new thing as to religion, also flocked around.

There was a spacious hall on the lower floor, one side of which Dr. Kincaid occupied with books and writing materials, while Dr. Dawson occupied the other with his medicines and surgical instruments. The hall was thrown open before sunrise and a score of visitors were present immediately, and there was a continued stream of people coming and going until night. Dr. Kincaid found neither occasion nor opportunity for leaving the house to search for subjects. An aged priest, the king's alchemist and astrologer, the only one having the rank and the insignia of nobility, came down from Ava and called on the new teachers. He repeated the call almost daily, for nearly two weeks, and then asked for permission to stay at the mission house. The government officers stood in awe of him while the people were astounded by the golden umbrellas over a priest, going to and from the foreigners' place of teaching. He remained there for some time, "making himself at home"; delivered all his money and silver cups to Mrs. Kincaid for safe keeping, declaring that he knew of no Burman in Rangoon that he could trust. Such was the change in popular feeling and such the opening for the Gospel; but the missionaries felt that they must go up to Ava as soon as the way should be clear, having promised so to do.

The work of conviction progressed during the summer following; the missionaries being prominent in the community. The governor's jealousy had changed from a fear of their success to a fear of losing their attentions. He sent them word that he was displeased with their failure to call on him, and that he had a bill against them for procuring royal orders in their behalf

from Ava. When advised by the messenger to call at once and appease his wrath, Dr. Kincaid, asserting his manhood, and risking his head, declined to recognize the order or the bill. But after waiting a day or two he called and found the governor very pacific. No reference was made to his claims.

As further indicating the state of affairs and the ripening of the nation for great events, additional reference may be made to the tyranny and oppression of the government which, though in some respects concealed, had not materially abated. Two boxes of books, sent from Maulmein by Mr. Ranney, lodged in the custom-house; the governor refusing to permit "Christ's books" to be given to Burmans and Karens, lest he should destroy Gaudama's religion and himself be sent to hell in consequence. It was well and widely understood that "books on science all led to Christ and the overthrow of Gaudama."

A few days later, agreeably to order, Dr. Kincaid went for the books and was refused all the tracts. "Take the bound volumes and leave the rest until we see the governor."

"No, never! I will have all that belongs to me or nothing; and I wish to say now, once for all, I will not be annoyed any more about these books. Take them, and burn them as soon as you like—I have done. I shall not come to this custom-house to be insulted. I will write a full account of the treatment I have received about these books and publish it, that the whole world may know how much wisdom there is in this little, dark, ignorant spot called Burma. The people must be kept in ignorance and live like brutes."

On being expostulated with on account of his haste, he replied: "You strip a man of all his clothes, tie him hand and foot, cover him with black ants, and then, because he writhes, you charge him with a want of patience. If a tiger or a lion siezes me I can be patient." The next day the governor directed that all the books and tracts be delivered to him. Just afterward, he wrote: "I am happy to inform you we have just received five large boxes of books from Maulmein, and no trouble in getting them through the custom-house. The recent seven days' war I had seems to have settled the question that I am to get books when I please." Such was Kincaid, "the hero missionary," and such the way in which, with other means, Burma was opened to the Gospel.

The summer passed away, and with it much of the open opposition to the missionaries. Accessions to the number of the redeemed had taken place, and baptism administered "in the royal tank, a beautiful, clear sheet of water nearly four miles in circumference. * * * Under the deep, dark foliage of a clump of aged trees, on a green bank sloping down to the water's edge, and with the glittering spires of a hundred pagodas before them, they knelt in prayer," then "four Burmans and five Karens went down into the baptismal grave." The trees clapped their hands; the pagodas were speechless. Karens in great numbers, from near and far, had visited the missionaries, and the suggestion that they might go away filled them with sore regret; they were ready for the kingdom, and were in conscious need of leading. But a terrifying scene was first to be enacted.

The Burman authorities and their many minions had waxed bold in outrages upon defenseless British subjects, several of whom had died under torture. Such treatment was not to be tolerated; it must be stopped, if not redressed. And the English were not without the means of doing both, nor were they beyond easy reach of Rangoon. If the blind Burmese presumed that they would not be found out, that their threats could prevent their insolence from being noised abroad, they had not properly estimated the vigilance of their old and always confident and successful enemy. Five days later Dr. Kincaid wrote:

On the afternoon of Lord's day, November 23, 1851, a report spread rapidly through the city that a steamer and three men-of-war were off the mouth of the river. The report was brought by two fast-rowing *dak* (mail) boats. The men, thirteen in number, were confined, their heads to be taken off at once if the report should prove false. The governor despatched two boats, one after the other, to ascertain the truth of the report. On Monday a great diversity of feeling was shown—groups were seen everywhere, in earnest, anxious consultation. All was activity and bustle on the part of the government. Conflicting reports came hourly.

A little before evening all doubt was dissipated. Two armed steamers were measuring the waters, putting down buoys and towing a fifty-gun ship. The excitement was very great. The governor talked warlike, made all sorts of threats; two or three thousand men were called in and armed with old, rusty muskets; much of the night was spent in collecting rusty and worthless guns and dragging them to the heights of Shway Dagong, and also taking to the same place the treasure and other property from the

custom-house. The governor threatened to set the city on fire, and in every house the foreigners were at work securing their papers and property. Great gongs were beating in every direction. A report was current that all who wore hats (Europeans) would be seized and carried off as hostages. Near midnight Dr. Dawson and myself were sent to go to the governor's, nearly two miles distant. Without hesitation we set off, but were met by messengers countermanding the order. Capt. Crisp, an English merchant, was sent on board the frigate to inquire the object of these armed ships coming up the river.

On Tuesday morning the governor with a large guard appeared on the wharf, and there issued an order that any person, foreigner or native, who should come down to any of the wharves, or appeared on the bank of the river, should be instantly beheaded. This order was published through the city by beat of gong and public cries. On hearing this I went immediately to the main wharf, where there were several distinguished officers and a guard, and remonstrated with them in strong terms on the insane course they were pursuing—working themselves and the people into a panic, when there was all possible evidence that the ships were come on a peaceful errand, to prevent, not to make war. They felt it, but were disposed to be blind to the innumerable acts of injustice and cruelty inflicted on all classes of the people.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the long looked-for ships made their appearance some miles below the city. We all went upon the roof of our house where we had a fine view of this noble river and of these friendly ships, so welcome to us. How proudly they came up and took their positions before this oppressed city! The emotions of joy and gratitude they awakened can only be understood by those who have seen and felt the deeds of insane and brutal tyranny. The very guns spoke to us of peace and

security. We feasted our eyes on the sight, so full of meaning. I could not cease thinking of what hundreds of Karens have said to me: "God is our hope, and he will hear our prayer for deliverance." Commodore Lambert immediately sent word to know at what hour the next day it would suit the governor to receive a communication from him. The governor wished to put it off until the day following. So all Wednesday was spent in busy preparations for an ostentatious display.

The next morning Dr. Kincaid and others appeared before the British authorities to answer questions relating to the doings of the government toward British subjects. It was thus learned that not only were the two officers, whose wrongs the commodore had come to redress, smarting under ill treatment, but that hundreds had equal cause of complaint, and some of them much greater. This revealment was quite surprising. A deputation of four officers visited the viceroy, but returned with little or no satisfaction. He seemed to regard Dr. Kincaid more, but he could not do much with him, for he was too shrewd to be ensnared by him, and he so thoroughly loathed him and his deeds as to make it unlikely that he would give him further opportunity to prosecute his nefarious barbarities by furnishing him with information. He answered questions only so far as to assure him that the British had come on an errand of peace, as the fewness of their ships testified.

Meantime, the administration at Ava was no better. The royal family was in a state of wreck, and the empire was fast decaying. A rebellion had just taken place, planned by the governor of the city, in which

the carnage was dreadful, and the confiscation of property immense. The country very naturally was infested with robbers. The house of the royal race of Alompra was approaching its end. It was not in a condition to provoke nor to sustain a war with England, but it was sadly unconscious of this fact.

The governor of Rangoon recovering in some degree from the consternation he had experienced, began hostile preparations in good earnest. He bought all the muskets in the city, collected guns from neighboring cities, fortified the heights of Shway Dagong, and built stockades at Kee-men-ding, four miles above the city. Also, he collected a large force of desperadoes, with a celebrated robber-chief at their head, for the purpose of raiding the foreigners in the city, plundering them and cutting their throats, and then of burning the city. This was rumored, at least, and it made sufficient impression to induce Drs. Kincaid and Dawson to take refuge on the English vessels, with their families, and to store their goods to the best advantage. Kincaid was seized by a band of cut-throats, while passing along one of the principal streets, dragged into an alley and threatened; but by doing some threatening he proved more than an equal to the whole of them, some forty or fifty, and finally made his way to the custom-house unharmed, though he scarcely knew how.

The Karen Christians were particularly odious to the government on account of their supposed friendliness with the English, and hundreds of them were put on duty at the great pagoda; while the officers of the army threatened to put them in the fore front of

the battle if the English should come ashore. The churches were distressed with anxiety on account of the state of affairs, yet they, and the Burman peasantry generally, sent in expressions of hope that the English might put an end to the brutal tyranny they had so long suffered.

The first of January, 1852, was reached. The experiences of a siege—for such the situation virtually was, though only for the protection of foreign persons and interests—had been the lot of the doomed city for thirty or forty days. Now expected messages from Ava came to the authorities to be delivered to the English commodore, containing friendly expressions. The governor was removed, and a new one appointed, with jurisdiction from Prome to Martaban, and charged with the settlement of difficulties between the British and Burman governments. He descended the river with great pomp, and demonstrations of joy and homage were made by officials and people. Carpets were spread on the wharf, and from the landing he was drawn in a buggy by men to his new residence.

His Eminence, after getting some popularity by declining presents of provisions from the people, who, he said, were too poor to afford them, at once asserted his dignity by declining to receive a deputation from the English, and declaring that he would confer with no one except the commodore. The deputies were kept standing outside while messengers went in and out, and, finally, it being announced that His Excellency was taking a nap, they withdrew and reported the insult to the commodore.

A consultation was held on board the frigate and it

was decided to hold no further intercourse with the viceroy, unless he should apologize. The principal foreign residents were advised to leave the city. The English and other foreign vessels in port (doubtless only trading vessels) were ordered to proceed down the river to sea, and the boats of the armed vessels were sent to the main wharf to protect those who were leaving. On the appearance of these armed boats the crowd of Burmans, collected there, "vanished like a mist." The whole scene was one of great excitement; and to the missionaries one of great loss, for they were obliged in the haste to sacrifice nearly everything they possessed. Dr. Dawson, however, made a hazardous venture, at near midnight, while his ship was anchored but a little way below the town, and running guard and sentry secured some of the letters and papers deposited in a strong godown, by climbing to the roof and entering through a trap door. The canoe he had hired for use in going ashore and returning was stolen by some Burmans during his absence, but a good substitute appeared in one of the ship's boats.

During the night the commodore seized a ship belonging to the king of Burma, and the *Hermes* towed it away and anchored it three miles below town. The Burman crew made no resistance, though they jeopardized their heads by the surrender, and likewise exposed all foreigners in the city to confiscation and wanton treatment of all kinds. Efforts for its recovery were made by the deputy governor and a neighboring ally, governor of Deccan, promises being given that all injuries should ultimately be redressed; but the commodore remained inflexible, demanding that the

viceroy should come in person and render an apology for his contempt, and do it on board of the English frigate. All these measures proving ineffective, he decided to cut off all communication with the Burmese, hasten to the mouth of the river with the "prize" and all the armed vessels in company, and proclaim a blockade of the Rangoon and Bassein rivers.

The officers of Rangoon, anticipating the movements of the English, sent cannon and jingals (small cannon) to the stockades ten or twelve miles down the river, intending to open fire on them as they should pass. A dozen war boats were likewise stationed there, sheltered up a creek, behind the first fortification, and filled with men; while within the inclosures, as circumstances proved, there were several thousand more, armed with muskets, spears and swords. On the summit of the palisades guns were planted which commanded a section of the river, and the dwellers in two contiguous villages were directed to arm themselves for the purpose of rescuing the captured ship. There seemed to be ample numbers on the part of the Burmans, yet they had not learned that a king is not saved by the multitude of a host.

Early on January 10 the English vessels, which had quietly observed the descent of the boats conveying cannon, commenced moving down with the tide. The steamer *Hermes* towed the flag ship as far as the upper stockade, and then went back to bring the "prize." The *Fox* anchored directly abreast of the fortification, beat to quarters, and made ready to talk out, if it should first be addressed from the shore. A number of craft were there, and having gained posi-

tions below the frigate they waited in breathless suspense for any scene that might be enacted. The missionaries on board the *Duchess of Argyle* were in a safe position between the two stockades.

The Burmans seemed to stake the issue on their lost vessel, for which they watched very closely. Some of their boats ventured out of the creek and moved up stream past the *Fox* but close to shore. Some of the men indulged in antics and war songs for the entertainment of the English. As the *Hermes* rounded a point in the river with the king's vessel in tow, the knot of watchmen on the bank hurried away to give the alarm to the boatmen and villagers. And just as the steamer came in front of the stockade, her bowsprit being on a line with that of the frigate, a gun was fired from the shore. Instantly the frigate replied with a murderous fire, her shot skimming the water and tearing up the bank; and while enshrouding herself with smoke she gave the stockade an experience of smoke and dust, such as it had never before known. The Burmese made a stubborn stand for two hours, keeping up a spirited fire until they were literally cut to pieces, their boats abandoned and drifting away and sinking, and their cannon silenced and dismounted. The *Hermes* and *Phlegethon* joined the frigate in the murderous work, running close in and playing with deadly effect upon boats and people in the mouth of the creek. The Burmese were glad to get away with even a part of their wounded and dead.

The *Hermes* then deliberately passed along with the "prize," but she was a target for the enemy, which fired from both sides of the river. The king's vessel

was partly manned by hands from the frigate, and being thus equipped with the means of assailing her own country she joined the *Hermes* in firing upon the lower stockade, or fortification, for a considerable time, under provocation of its fire upon them. Then the two proceeded down stream to the mouth of Bassein creek, where the "prize" was anchored in the care of the brig *Serpent*, the *Hermes* returning for the flag-ship. The boats remaining back completed the work of destruction. On the side of the English not a man was killed or wounded, and their vessels were but slightly damaged; while the slaughter of Burmans was manifestly terrible. This was the *Battle of the Stockades*—the first of the bloody events that gave Great Britain a wider and firmer dominion in the East; and to the Gospel a better opportunity for conquest.

The above facts have been gleaned from an extended account of the affray, given immediately upon its occurrence by Dr. Dawson, an eye witness of it. The precipitancy of Commodore Lambert in seizing the king's ship caused him some perplexity, and embarrassed his relations with his own and with the Burman government. Perhaps it was on this account that the English proposed to accept moderate terms of redress—viz.: payment by the Burmans of ten thousand rupees for injuries and extortions, and their reception of a British Resident at the court of Ava, according to the treaty of Yandaboo, made just after the liberation of Dr. Judson from prison. Orders to mention these terms were received by Com. Lambert early in February, about a month after the battle at the stockades, and he proceeded up the river, bearing them.

He was conveyed by the *Fox*, towed by a steamer. The *Fox* being fired upon from the stockades, both vessels returned the compliment, and with dreadful effect.

The embassy having reached a suitable landing, a deputation with a flag of truce went up to the viceroy and delivered the letter of the Governor General. His Highness declined to treat with the commodore, assuming that the sending of the deputation was indicative of displeasure on the part of the British Governor General with his own men, and being glad to show his own displeasure; also believing that a special commissioner would be sent to negotiate.

The principal water-ways that offered access to the interior were effectually blockaded. The *Hermes*, with the "prize," was stationed at the mouth of Rangoon river; the *Serpent* blockaded the Bassein, and the *Proserpine* the Salwen. And in the rear the Burman Government was being annoyed by the Shans, who seemed determined to march on the capital from the north-east. Thus the entire sea-coast being guarded, and the frontier being occupied by inimical tribes, the viceroy was greatly straitened.

But Burman officials do not get impressed with their weakness very easily; so it was left to the English to give them a demonstration of the difference between the drilled troops of an enlightened land and the crowd of unwilling or unknowing subjects of which they were compelled to make up an army. They were more proud than they could afford to be, and were willing to believe in the chances of battle with scarcely one chance in their favor. The English may have

had more might than right in this case, but it became the Burmese to see their own situation and govern themselves accordingly. Failing to do this, the English declared war against them on February 15, 1852, expecting, doubtless, to dismember the empire and add to their own dependencies in the East.

Hostilities began by the taking of Martaban, opposite Maulmein, which was already occupied by the English. This event occurred on April 5th. On the 11th of the same month Rangoon was attacked, and on the 14th the last of the Burmese positions was carried. The defense was unparalleled in vigor and determination. And when it seemed to be of no further avail the inhabitants turned all their means of destruction upon their own homes and laid waste their proud city. Brick buildings were demolished, wood edifices burned, wells filled, beautiful trees cut down, streets covered with rubbish, pitfalls dug, and every plan devised for making the place as repulsive as possible to the invaders. Evidently this demolition must have been carried on while a show of defense was still kept up.

The bitterest struggle was experienced, perhaps, when the favorite pagoda, Shway Dagong, was attacked. It began at six o'clock in the morning and continued until noon, ere the English could get possession of it. Inclosing it there was a strong stockade, the building of which had required prodigious labor. Huge logs were dragged from the bank of the river, a distance of two miles, and scores of monasteries and zayats were torn down to furnish timber. As a fortification it had no equal in Burma. The approaches were obstructed by spikes. "At the different forts

there were over one hundred and fifty cannon mounted. The English had a force of only five thousand men, but they had a heavy park of artillery, while the Burmans numbered between thirty and forty thousand men. The loss of the former was seven officers and twenty-seven men killed, and over one hundred and fifty of all ranks wounded. Reports stated the casualties of the poor Burmese as two thousand killed and wounded."

The immediate cause of this war was the firing from the stockades on the vessel bearing a flag of truce, and seeking a communication from the governor. After the fall of Rangoon the two governments stood in war attitude to each other.

The missionaries were on the alert, ready to introduce their King and set up His claims to obedience, so soon as a door opened. Dr. Kincaid made his way to Rangoon a day before it fell, and Dr. Dawson was there on the fourth day after the event. They wished to make a search for their effects, but no evidence appears that they recovered more than a few books. Dr. Dawson in his first letter stated that they were occupying an abandoned monastery; that having neither tables nor chairs he wrote on the top of a box. The fall of Bassein followed soon afterward, and the British were masters of the situation—were virtually in possession of all the southern part of the empire. So was the army of the Lord, though scattered and needing organization, in possession of its field, and at once it began to form its lines for action.

XI.

Elisha L. Abbott—*ENTERS BASSEIN; FINISHES HIS COURSE; GOES HOME.* —Mrs. Abbott

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy 'bounding grace
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place—

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

WHITTIER.—"*The Life for which I long.*"

THE missionaries at Sandoway had been watching events with great anxiety. Their town was exposed to attack by the Burmans, and it was only by receiving assurance from the English that there would not be war that they were satisfied to remain there; circumstances thus indicating that the British were not seeking a conflict, whatever else they may have sought. By and by, however, the missionaries determined to adopt the safer course. The Van Meters went to Akyab in January, and thence to Maulmein in March. The Beechers remained until March, when, the town being menaced by a band of two thousand marauders from Burma, they went to Kyouk Phyoo. Mr. Abbott also went to Maulmein, which had become another Calcutta—a center of missionaries, a rendez-

vous for the ill and imperiled, and those in need of sympathy or counsel. His health had been declining, yet, amid the excitement of anticipated war and under an ardent desire to continue in his work, he braced up and made his mission the supreme subject of consideration. He watched the progress of events with the keenest interest—the fall of Martaban, then of Rangoon, and finally of Bassein—while nothing more fully engaged his mind and heart than those thousands of Karen Christians, scattered and hunted like partridges among the mountains. For them he wrote some books while waiting at Maulmein.

After Bassein was captured, Mr. Abbott, accompanied by Mr. Van Meter, was permitted to enter it under British protection. He took up his abode there on July 12, 1852, in a Buddhist monastery. It was a high day for him, saddened only by the fear that he might not be sufficient for the occasion, which, after much longing, he had finally reached. It was not the town that he wished to occupy, but the country, with the town as a base. Consequently it was not of much moment, considered with reference to missions, that the place was thoroughly devastated; nothing remaining in entirety except some military works and the appurtenances of heathenism, such as kyoungs, idol temples, and pagodas.

Not sooner had the *Tenasserim* anchored in the river than he sent off the few Christian Karens aboard, to search for fellow Christians. Directly they returned with a number, among them Shway Weing, "the young chief" of former days, who himself sent off men in various directions to announce that the teach-

er had come to Bassein. The greeting and reunion were more joyous than can at this day be understood. They had survived their own persecution and a bloody encounter in their midst between natives, and now they were free, teacher and disciples—all free to worship God, and to do so together.

The missionaries found immediate favor with the officers in occupation, and were granted a substantial kyoung which they had selected and to which they added much by taking material from another. They held their quarters on the vessel, Mr. Abbott being too feeble to assist very materially in the preparation of the kyoung, and even to go ashore. But he could receive the companies as they came in, from greater and still greater distances, as the news spread, and sometimes to preach to them. And after twelve days from the date of arrival the chapel and their private rooms were so far completed that they could occupy them; and Mr. Abbott, slightly recuperated, came off the ship and brought all his goods. The following day, the Sabbath, he preached without ill effects, and the day was "a delight" to the many who participated in the worship.

Hostilities were discontinued for the most part, and there was freedom to prosecute mission work; yet the missions were greatly demoralized on account of the war. The Karens had suffered extreme oppression, nearly all their chapels had been demolished, and they were being held for execution whenever the British should approach. But the war steamers had come and taken Bassein before the Burmans had time to execute their threats, and not only did the oppressors betake

themselves to flight, but the oppressed Christians, being thus liberated, were scattered abroad and disorganized. The Burman forces were largely broken into bands of banditti, which infested the country and kept the Karens in terror; yet the latter, especially the Christians, felt that Providence was on their side because of their deliverance from the yoke and imminent death, and were in position to do some fighting if it should be required. The old, deposed governor continued to occupy the region with some soldiers, ready for any desperate course. On the other hand Shway Weing, "the young chief," as he was called, the first convert of the Bassein district to receive baptism, went out to meet the giant anarchy with some fifty men, two or three muskets and a few knives. He went under the sanction of the officer in command of Bassein, but without the approbation of Mr. Abbott, who feared that the result might be against him. He was very popular, "knew what he was about," and presently had a large force and a good supply of arms, and victory perched upon his banners. These circumstances indicate the condition of affairs at the time. To the human eye there was but little on which the missionaries could base a hope of success, except—*their freedom.*

Mr. Abbott began work at once. But it was no longer the work of the jungle and the night. His excursions were over. His health was gone, and he now realized his condition. However, he had gained one leading end of his career—the occupation of Bassein. There was now a mission center for the country, and all were under the control of a mighty

and friendly government. The object desired by the Karen Christians was gained, and teacher and disciples were conveniently related to each other.

Thus situated, Mr. Abbott met the preachers and members of the Karen churches, many of whom had never seen him. For two months and more he instructed them in the doctrines of the Gospel and the principles and practices that they should maintain in the churches, impressing them that the responsibility of building up Zion would rest upon them. For their use he had just published volumes of notes on the Acts and on the Hebrews. And now he was done. He had "finished his course"; finished it in one of the strongholds of heathenism, where he had so long desired to be, and which had fallen to the missionaries by a stroke of the Divine Hand.

Another parting scene, one of a peculiarly painful character, was at hand. He had been greatly reduced by disease, and in appearance was unlike himself, as formerly known by them; and this change, taken with the anticipation of the final change that seemed to be very near, and his departure to a distant land, to die—all made the disciples very sorrowful. The letters of the missionaries also indicated very tender regard for him. Mr. Van Meter, his companion in toil, voiced a common feeling: "Ah! when will these bereaved children ever see another father such as he."

Proceeding to Maulmein early in October, 1852, he remained there until January following, and then sailed for the United States, arriving at Boston, June 8, 1853. He lived for one year and a half among his friends, and died at Fulton, New York, December 3, 1854. His

latest and apparently his only anxiety during these closing months was for the Karens, that they might have proper instruction and guidance. He occupied some of his best hours in preparing means of knowledge for the Sgau Karens, and spent his dying moments in praying for them and for the triumph of the missionary enterprise.

In forming an estimate of his character and services, reference is had, not so much to him, either alone or in comparison with other missionaries, as to the place he filled in the missionary calendar, and the impetus which, in the hand of God and through the Holy Spirit, he imparted to the work that is now so great. His fellow missionaries, all of them of high character, are entitled to great respect when they speak. That all should be in perfect accord with him, at all times and in respect to all things, could not have been expected; especially in view of his peculiar composition and temperament. They were as good men as he. But they are not under special notice in this memorial, and are simply adduced to aid us in making up the verdict which will cause us to honor him aright and the God of missions more.

Rev. Francis Mason, D. D., a fellow laborer, rendered a fraternal tribute in which he said: "The death of Bro. Abbott is a great public loss, for he was remarkably successful in every branch of missionary labor. He preached the Gospel, and great multitudes were converted; he educated native preachers, and they are among the ablest that have entered the ministry; he constituted churches, and they are distinguished above all others for recognizing the obligations that rest upon

them to support their own pastors; and he wrote books, and they remain our best specimens of Karen literature.

"It would be difficult to find in the whole range of modern missions another man to whom God has awarded an equal measure of visible success. He rests, but the minds his impinged upon still move on, destined to communicate their power to other minds from age to age, in a multiplying progression. Then he is not dead. He lives in those to whom he has imparted life, and will thus live in all coming generations of redeemed Karens."

The work of God among the Karens during his ministry, carried on, as it was, in the face of difficulties that might have dismayed if not defeated a less valiant man, was the missionary marvel and joy of its day. American Christians of forty and fifty years ago, still living, kindle at the mention of the mountain Karens and their leaders, from Boardman and Ko Thahbyu to Abbott and Myat Kyau. They were the Telugus of their time, and taking all the circumstances into consideration nothing more inspiring is being done in any mission land to-day; nothing makes a deeper or more permanent impression. The story will bear repeating and perusal to the end of the era, and Christian hearts ever be greatly improved by it.

Glancing over the period of fifty years from 1828 to 1878, a number of striking events appear. Noble men and women come into the arena, forming the principal features in the occurrences—the Vintons, Kincaids, Stillsons, Ingallses, Van Meters, Braytons, Beechers, and others, the most of whom belong to the middle

section. Ko Thah-byu, the first convert to Christianity from among the Karens, was baptized by Mr. Boardman in 1828. At the end of the half-century, 1878, a fine Memorial Hall bearing his name was dedicated at Bassein, as one of the buildings of the Sgau Karen Normal and Industrial Institute, for perpetual use in the instruction of the down-trodden race which he led out to behold the Lamb of God, and in continuous numbers to embrace Him.

Mr. Abbott was one of the earlier men of this period; and after continuing with unsparing devotion almost to the middle year, he was compelled to quit the field. Others carried forward the work to the end of the period when the Institute was brought to completion, it having been paid for, largely, by the Sgau Karen Christians, whose poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality. Thus, while Ko Thah-byu led his nation, and was honored in the naming of it, Abbott, by his evangelizing work and sentiments of benevolence, made the consummation possible, and was memorialized in the permanent decorations. His coworker, Mr. Beecher, was honored in a similar manner. To these brethren marble tablets were placed in the wall, side by side; and they being one in purpose, the reading of the tablets is given that it may be seen in what respects they were held in so great estimation:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

John Sidney Beecher.

(Name and title in Karen.)

Missionary of the Amer. Bap. Miss'y Union,
And, by the help of God, the Founder of the
Bassein Sgau Karen Normal and Industrial Institute.
Born in Hinesburg, Vt., U. S. A., Feb. 19, 1820;
Arrived in Sandoway, Burma, Dec., 1847;
Opened this Institution in 1864;
Died in Plymouth, Eng., Oct. 22, 1866.
His is the distinguished honor of establishing
The first Christian School in Burma on
The Basis of indigenous Support.
The Karen Christians of Bassein will not suffer
His name, or the Institution which he founded,
To perish.
[In Karen] May his work ever flourish!

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

Elisha Litchfield Abbott.

[In Karen] Father-Teacher Abbott.
Missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, and
under God the
Founder of the Bassein Karen Mission.
Born in Cazenovia, N. Y., U. S. A., Oct. 26, 1809;
Arrived in Maulmein, Burma, 1836;
First tour to Kyootoo, Bassein, Dec. 23, 1837;
Died in Fulton, N. Y., U. S. A., Dec. 3, 1854.

He was enabled to establish fifty Christian
Churches among the heathen, in which
Self-support was wisely practiced
From the beginning. His name will ever live
In the traditions of the Bassein Karens
As that of a hero, and their beloved
Spiritual Father.
[In Karen] We loved him very much.

Mr. Abbott had a tranquil Sabbath in which to die. As the day was ending he closed his eyes to earth and friends and opened them in the world where there is no night, and where he must have met not a few of the Karens, who, on his departure from Arakan, said: "We shall die in our longings after teacher Abbott."

By his request his remains were borne from Fulton to New Woodstock, N. Y., and buried among his kindred at the latter place. It was here that his rearing in the spiritual life was received. Here was the very sanctuary in which he had obtained instruction in his earlier years, and in which he received funeral honors at the end of life's hard-fought battle. Victor on the field and over the grave, he had only to fall asleep and be gathered unto his fathers.

In this old church the revered John Peck had held forth the Word of Life, with young Abbott as one of his attentive listeners. As a towering tree in the pineries of New York, fresh and fragrant all the year through, inspiring and impressive, he performed his part in forming the character of the young apostle to the Karens, building better than he knew. It was fitting that the harvested sheaf be laid before the altar of that church before removed from sight. What memories clustered there then! In the life-time that has passed since that solemn hour most of those who knew him have also passed away and few remain to speak of him; yet some are living whose hearts are stirred at every mention of their distinguished fellow-citizen.

Above his remains stands a handsome monument of red granite, erected by the family of the person

whose name he bore, and containing the following inscriptions: First side—

Rev. Elisha Litchfield Abbott.
Missionary to Burma.
Died Dec. 3, 1854.
Aged 45 years.
"His works do follow him."

Second side—

Mr. Abbott was appointed Missionary by the Baptist Board in 1835, and continued his labors with marked success for nineteen years. With health broken he then came home, and was soon called to his rest.

Third side—

This Monument was erected
by the Sons of the
Hon. Elisha Litchfield.

What of her who walked with him through the glow and gloom of life in the Orient?

Mrs. Ann P. G. Abbott.

It is a joy to note the presence in the Burman sky of so bright a light as this—so steady and so safe a guide to the lost heathen. She was a fair representative of the woman missionaries of the third decade and a credit to the class as a whole. She was born in Duchess county, New York, in July 1809; was converted early and favored with a good education. At the time of the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Wade to the United States, in 1834, she was appointed a teacher to the Karens in Tavoy and sailed with these returning missionaries, reaching the field and entering upon her

work in January, 1835. Two years later (April 2, 1837) she was married to Mr. Abbott, who had gone out alone, and who met her shortly after his arrival. Having acquired a knowledge of the Burmese and Karen languages with great facility and quite fully, she was prepared to accompany her husband in his great and beneficent enterprises.

After three years of experience and labors in Burma Proper, with Rangoon and Maulmein as centers, and the Karens of the country as the people of their special regard, they despaired of doing an extensive work there at once on account of the hostile attitude of the Burman government. But the Karens had found a place in their hearts, and for them they would live and die; a sympathy reciprocated by that people, so susceptible to human kindness and the Gospel of love. They went over the mountains westward and settled in Sandoway, and from that point undertook to care for the scattered and persecuted Karen Christians and to extend the work of evangelization.

Mrs. Abbott now began to display her natural and acquired abilities, and in the best sense was the complement of her husband. He could not use Burmese with fluency and made no attempt to preach to the Burman population about them. She had studied that language intensely; had mastered it and could speak it fluently. So, while he gave attention to the Karens, she devoted her time and talent to the dominant, but not less needy race—the Burman. Their house stood out of town by the wayside. "In front," is the description contained in the tender and fitting eulogy by the bereaved husband, "there was a large veranda, that

passers-by were accustomed to enter, either to seek rest and shelter from the burning sun or from the rain in its season, or attracted by curiosity to see the foreigners and their children. That veranda was Mrs. Abbott's chapel. There she used to take her seat, with a bundle of tracts and the Scriptures, which she would read and explain to all that would listen. Occasionally a large group would sit in silence for hours, held there by the influence which Mrs. Abbott exerted over them by her presence and the perfect manner in which she spoke their language. Her command of Burmese was a passport to their hearts; and well did the meek preacher know how to avail herself of it to secure an introduction for that Gospel which bringeth life and immortality to light.

"Another means of usefulness was in ministering to the sick and afflicted. The *mama's* fame for goodness and skill spread to all the villages round about; and the lame, the halt, and the blind were brought in to receive medical aid. Did a child tread upon a coal and burn its foot, it was sure to be brought by its mother to the *mama* for help. Many children of the land are afflicted with sores, arising, no doubt, from their habits of life. Such cases were attended to at once, their sores or wounds washed or bandaged, and directions given how to take care of them. And when all was done the poor creatures would sit down on the mat at her feet and listen to the reading of a tract or to words of wisdom and truth. Thus Mrs. Abbott, like other women in our missions, exerted an influence over heathen women as nearly divine as anything we can conceive of in this fallen world.

"For five years she thus pursued her way, amidst domestic cares and sorrows, in weakness and affliction, ever ready to divide her solicitude between her own feeble infants and the heathen women who might gather around her door. With a fidelity and meekness seldom surpassed, and never ostentatiously displayed, she discharged the daily obligations of life; and with a faith that never wavered she bore the burdens which her missionary life imposed. All the labor in the Burmese department she performed; all its responsibility devolved on her, and well did she sustain it. Although subjected to trials peculiar to herself and to her position, known only to ourselves, she labored for the welfare of the heathen with a constancy untiring, ever exhibiting a Christian magnanimity as she walked on in the pathway of life. She fulfilled her mission of suffering, of toil and holy influence, till she sunk suddenly but gently into the grave."

The first convert from the Burmans, at Sandoway, Ko Bike, was led to Christ by Mrs. Abbott, and was baptized in 1843. He maintained a good profession, though cast out and abused by neighbors and his own wife and family, and died trusting in Christ, after an exemplary Christian life of more than twenty-five years. A Buddhist priest came and sat at her feet to get instruction, breaking his pride, if not his caste, and is believed to have been converted and to have died a Christian. The Burmese church of Sandoway was due to her self-denying toil—ability to teach, attract, and lead.

At evening time it was light. When the mountains had lengthened and deepened their shadows, she

passed to the land on which the shadows never fall and which the sun never smites. During the night the news of her departure spread to the neighboring villages, and in the morning more widely. Then was witnessed the spectacle of a mourning multitude, assembled from the surrounding country that they might take a final view of the *mama* who had become so endeared to them; and the time could scarcely be fixed, if ever, when they ceased to mention her with gratitude and love.

"The native officers of the place came and proposed to make a large gilded coffin, and to carry her to her grave with pomp and parade." This was not a dictate of heathen formalism, but a mode of respect, prompted by hearts that had felt the pulsations of hers in repeated acts of kindness. At evening she was laid to rest beside her two infant children, who had died the year before, having served the cause of missions for about ten years. "A plain monument is erected over the spot; and a marble slab simply tells the stranger that it is the grave of Mrs. Abbott."

XII.

Elisha L. Abbott—*MISSIONARY SENSE; TRIBUTES OF DR. SPEAR AND MRS. DR. BINNEY; ARAKAN TO-DAY.*

O take who will the boon of fading fame!
But give to me
A place among the workers, though my name
Forgotten be;
And if within the book of life is found
My lowly place,
Honor and glory unto God redound
For all his grace!

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

IN forming a judgment of such a man as Abbott it is necessary to consider not only his nature, but also the character of the times and circumstances in which he was called to act. Missions were introduced in Burma twenty years and more previously to his time, but they were still in their infancy and were not growing and developing as rapidly as the opportunity seemed to make possible. Laborers from America were few and scattered, while at the several stations were converts who understood their countrymen, understood the primary conditions of salvation, and were qualified by their experience of saving grace and by their zeal and gift of endurance to bring others into possession of the faith and hope which they enjoyed.

Mr. Abbott's recognition of the situation and the

thing to be done was of the nature of an intuition—*missionary sense.* And when the assistants had advanced their work to the point of conversion, proving thus their knowledge of the way of life, why might they not give the converted ones the further benefits of the Gospel? If they had led sinners aright, could they not be trusted to minister unto Christians? It was natural for Christians in America to be conservative, especially as they had not yet learned that the heathen were gifted and could manage as well as evangelize, and that judiciousness often meant jogging. The angel was flying through the heavens with the everlasting Gospel, and it became the saints on the earth to quicken their pace.

In sending out Mr. Abbott the Board must have known what manner of man he was—one of a small class, if not a class of himself alone. The elements of his character were revealed in his student life, which was cut short because as an evangelizer he could not be held in check by the customs nor by popular judgment, however wise. He was passionate and invincible; was physically builded for heroic doing. Prof. P. B. Spear, D. D., a fellow student, says: "He was every way a well-rounded man; above medium size, athletic, symmetrical, and strong—*magna mens in magno corpore.*"

Dr. Spear, who was also a cotemporary, at Hamilton, of such "nobles" in the foreign work as Comstock, Dean, Howard, Vinton, Bronson, Day (S. S.), Haswell (J. M.), Reed, Thomas (Jacob), Stillson, and others, favors the author with the following brief mention of Mr. Abbott:

"He was an earnest, sympathetic, and forceful preacher. He took hold of his missionary work in the natural and practical way, as a thing to be done by human agency as well as by divine power. He was preeminently the Apostle to the Karens. He not only labored for their conversion, but he grasped the true idea of a *church*, that it must be well organized, made up of native preachers, deacons, and spiritual members. These must all be taught to rely upon themselves for self-support, and not look to the American churches illimitably, for means of growth that they could get among themselves. *They* must work and contribute money.

"Dr. Judson was preeminently a '*Bible* missionary.' He spent almost his life to give the Bible to the heathen in their own tongue. Dr. Wade was a 'Personal piety missionary.' The real spirit of Christianity was in his missionary labor. Dr. Kincaid was an energetic preaching missionary. He could sway the heathen world with his eloquence. Rev. Elisha L. Abbott seems preeminently to have caught the idea, and enforced it, not only that churches must be constituted, but that the heathen must learn what it is to take care of themselves, and strive that their churches should be self-perpetuating. His first station was Rangoon. He preached with great power. He educated native preachers. He wrote books that were among good specimens of Karen literature. He was a builder as well as a worker. If he had not been cut short in his missionary life, he bid fair to have raised up among the Karens, churches and schools of learning that would have rivaled those connected with any of our missionary stations."

In his day the instinct of missions was a very great qualification. It is still important, but then there was scarcely any other gift that assured a striking success; scarcely another to govern—certainly not experience, nor an example fitting his circumstances. He was in a wilderness, with an opportunity of lifting his ax upon the thick trees; he saw his calling and proceeded to cut his way. He became conscious of approaching death, and felt that he must do with his might what his hand found to do. Had he waited to get every one's opinion, and to rectify such as were at all important, he would have met death ere the occasion could have been improved.

When a vital force appears, it becomes all interested persons to conserve it; not to embarrass it, unless evidently dangerous. And one who went at the hazard of his life, led of the Spirit, and "sent forth" by the Church, was, in that day, likely to be well guided. He could not have been destructive, for he went to the place of destruction, and anything he might build was better than what he found, and was likely to improve rather than damage.

Mr. Abbott was great and he was good. Yet he was the frailest of men. It was only in the hands of God that he was spared from wrecking himself on many a rock that lay in his course. In motive he was incorrupt; in temperament, impetuous and invincible. He could fire the breasts of the Karens with such ardor for him and his cause that they would go with or without him to prison and to death. The flash of his eye and the ring of his voice could inspire them with greater daring than it was safe to indulge. In

public discourse he was master of an assembly; in testimony of which, a very competent judge, Mrs. Dr. Binney, giving a full account of a visit he made to the Seminary and other schools at Maulmein, said:

"Mr. Abbott gave us other and truer ideas of the power of the Karen tongue to produce deep emotion, and of the susceptibility of the Karen mind to receive such emotion. On the Sabbath preceding the day of his departure he preached his farewell sermon." Pupils of the theological school, of a station-school, and of the Normal school were present. "The Karens from all parts of the district had heard of his visit, and he was a magnet which drew them to him. For several days they came flocking in, till, on Sunday morning, the largest chapel was too small for them. As he rose to speak, his heart was too full for immediate utterance; but he soon obtained the mastery, and brought before his hearers the most vivid panorama of their past, present, and hoped-for future; their past heathenish darkness, ignorance, oppression, sin; their present, the gospel light dawning upon them; in British Burma, at least, freedom to worship the God of whom they had learned; everywhere the freedom which the Gospel brings and the hopes which it inspires, and with it the privilege, if need be, of suffering and dying for the love of Him who, for our sakes, counted not his own life dear unto himself. He told them of the great boon now offered of a special school for the training of preachers and teachers to carry forward this work; then pictured before them their future, if they were wise to know and brave to perform what the wonderful Providence of God now required. He pointed to

the Karens rising from their filth and degredation to the rank of an enlightened people, taking the lead in evangelizing the tribes and people around them, and appearing like a city set on a hill, to which the people should gather. Finally, in view of the whole, he pressed upon them, in detail, the sacrifices required, the difficulties they would meet, the terrible consequences if they failed to meet these responsibilities, and their reward, if they truly acted in the spirit of the Master who had called them to this service—all in a manner inimitable, perhaps unparalleled. At the close of a sermon of nearly two hours, during which we took no note of time, or of aught else save the thrilling thoughts presented, and the occasional sobs which could not be wholly suppressed, he sat down entirely exhausted."

Mr. Abbott had a strong affinity for the Karen Christians, and they were ardent followers of him as he followed Christ. While it has ever been characteristic of them as a people to think well of their teachers and to flock to them for spiritual food, there was a magnetic power in him to draw them. This power must have consisted in his vivacious manner and warm, impulsive heart. They were in deepest sympathy with him in joy and in sorrow.

On the morning of his departure from Dr. Binney's, they gathered about the house, early and in large numbers, to be with him as long as possible. The parting was of deep and tender interest. As he was leaving the ground they, observing that he was likely to be annoyed by the mud before the door, rushed for a chair, and wrapping his cloak about him seated him therein, and carried him through it to his conveyance.

He felt less dependent on other missionaries than most others, and clung the more to the native Christians. Such an affinity exists in many other missionaries, and wherever found it proves a decided element of success; but some are not so ardent as others.

Those who entered upon the work in Arakan and Bassein, and were in part cotemporaneous with him, were men of perseverance and power. It would be a great satisfaction to trace the career of Mr. Van Meter, who was on Mr. Abbott's field twenty years, and that of his good wife, who committed him to the care of God for a voyage to his native land, and remained to continue his work; who carried on the mission after he had ceased from all earthly labor and passed away, far from her sight, and until she herself was ready for her reward. Their names remain in grateful remembrance for what they did. Mr. Beecher merits much, likewise, for his twenty years of faithful service among the same people and in company with Mr. Abbott, as the mural tablet in the Bassein Institute, before mentioned, notably signifies. His two good wives, the first of which died at sea in seeking recuperation in her native land, had their part in the great work of elevating the Karens. Mr. Douglass (Rev. J. L.) came on later, but had a period of fifteen years of most honorable and useful missionary service, then returned to the United States and died. Mrs. Douglass preceded him to the Better Land, after protracted illness, dying at Philadelphia in 1861. Dr. Kincaid, a most vital factor in the Karen work of the earlier period, has been most admiringly memorialized. Rev. C. H. Carpenter was a very magnetic force at a later day, at Bassein.

It only comes within the plan of this memorial to present a few characters, and by these to give an outline of the work of God in the Arakan-Bassein Mission, so manifestly approved of God. Messrs. Stillson and Ingalls helped to lay the foundations, though in the more unhealthy parts of Arakan. Their labors were to some extent identified with those of Abbott, and their history unites with his for some part of its course; yet it would be gratifying to the friends of missions to have their lives and labors presented in separate form and in detail, as forming a part of the interesting annals of their times. They need not the praise, but we need the impulse which their and other examples of consecrated effort are calculated to give. For the present the reader will be content with the weaving their names have gained in the web of the Comstocks and Abbotts, by whom they were preceded on the Arakan field. Subsequent to them were C. C. Moore, Harvey M. Campbell, Harvey E. Knapp, A. T. Rose, and A. B. Satterlee, and their wives, several of whom were called early to the Heavenly Rest.

In 1849 the missionary work for Arakan became known by a single station—Sandoway. The entire province had its importance, yet the sickliness of the climate, which experience had shown to be greater than in other parts of the East, and other circumstances determined the preference of a different field for most of the workers. The harvest extended so widely and the laborers were so few, that it seemed best to study locations very carefully. The soil of Arakan had been enriched with the dust of the Halls and Comstocks, and the missionary enterprise had en-

tered as a golden thread into the unwritten history of that country. Neither life nor labor had been in vain. Nor was the deplorable shortening of the lives of those who followed the above, whose deaths occurred in the fifties, to be taken as evidence that they mistook the leading of Providence in going there. "My times are in Thy hand." All human lives enter into the warp and woof of one eternal purpose.

But the chief interest was with the Karens in Burma, and of necessity with the Burmans in some degree. At a time when all Christians regarded a religious awakening among the heathen as a phenomenon of great significance, the missionaries were deeply stirred by the signs of its coming, and more by the thing itself. Very properly they thought they ought to thrust in the sickle, and to go to the field where the reaper and the sickle were in special demand. The Karens of Burma presented the phenomenon—they constituted the whitened harvest. But governments are very obdurate; particularly those not enlightened. And the laborers could only look over the border and observe the harvest going to waste, except as the opportunity of gathering some sheaves was made possible by the falling of the grain towards them. The saving of some, in the manner in which it was accomplished, was itself one of the most remarkable circumstances in all the history of saving grace. In a country where the Christian religion had no history and but brief initial experience by which to become known, we observe the devotees of false religions flocking to the foreign faith as doves to their windows. Why should not the missionaries "assuredly gather" that they were called to preach the Gospel unto them?

After reaping thousands of sheaves under the embarrassments indicated, the restrictions were wiped away by the hand of war, and for once the messengers of peace lifted up their voices in thanks and praise for the appearance of that bloody hand. It was no longer necessary to keep open asylum for the fugitives from beyond the mountains. The way was open to evangelize them in their home field, and the Arakan mission having already lost its identity or name by being operated mainly at and from Sandoway, the latter post was put in charge of a less experienced soldiery, while those who had seen service in conflict with the Burmans entered one of their strongholds in the heart of their country—Bassein.

Still the other points of occupation were not abandoned at once. Messrs. Moore, Knapp, Campbell, and Rose held them until 1854. Since that year, in which also Mr. Abbott died, Arakan in name has given place to Sandoway, which is recognized as the "sanitarium of Arakan," and now is the only mission station in that province. It is occupied at present by Messrs. F. H. Eveleth and W. F. Thomas and their wives, and by Miss Melissa Aldrich and Miss Melissa Carr. Mr. Eveleth has charge of the Burman churches and Mr. Thomas of the Chins; the latter people being constituted in twelve churches, mostly under native preachers, and having an aggregate membership of two hundred and eighty-six.*

* The latest intelligence from Mr. Thomas, as found in *The Kingdom* for March, reads: Rejoice with us in the formation yesterday of the first Kemee church, as well as of the first native church in the Akyab district in many years. The nucleus of this church is a penitent straggler from the ingathering in "Chetza's Village," so many years ago.

Before the opening of Burma in 1852, Sandoway was headquarters of what was known as the "Bassein Sgau Karen Mission"; a name that pointed to Bassein as an objective center. After the war of that year the province of Pegu was ceded to the English and Bassein was reached and occupied by the missionaries. It has had quite a rapid growth; is situated on the western delta-branch of the great Irrawaddy, one hundred miles west of Rangoon and fifty miles from the sea, and has a large trade in rice.

Thus it is that poor Arakan, now a part of Burma Proper, made notable by the cry of Comstock, "Six Men for Arakan," is ever remembered in the sympathies of American Baptists, and still receives their money and men—all too little and too few, yet offerings that seem to answer in some degree the heart yearnings of those whose dust reposes at Akyab, Ramree, and Sandoway, and at New Woodstock in America.

Date Due

FEB 19
DEC 19
MAR 27
NOV 11 '57
DEC 11 '57
Jan 6
MAR 31 '62

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